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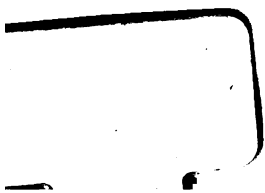
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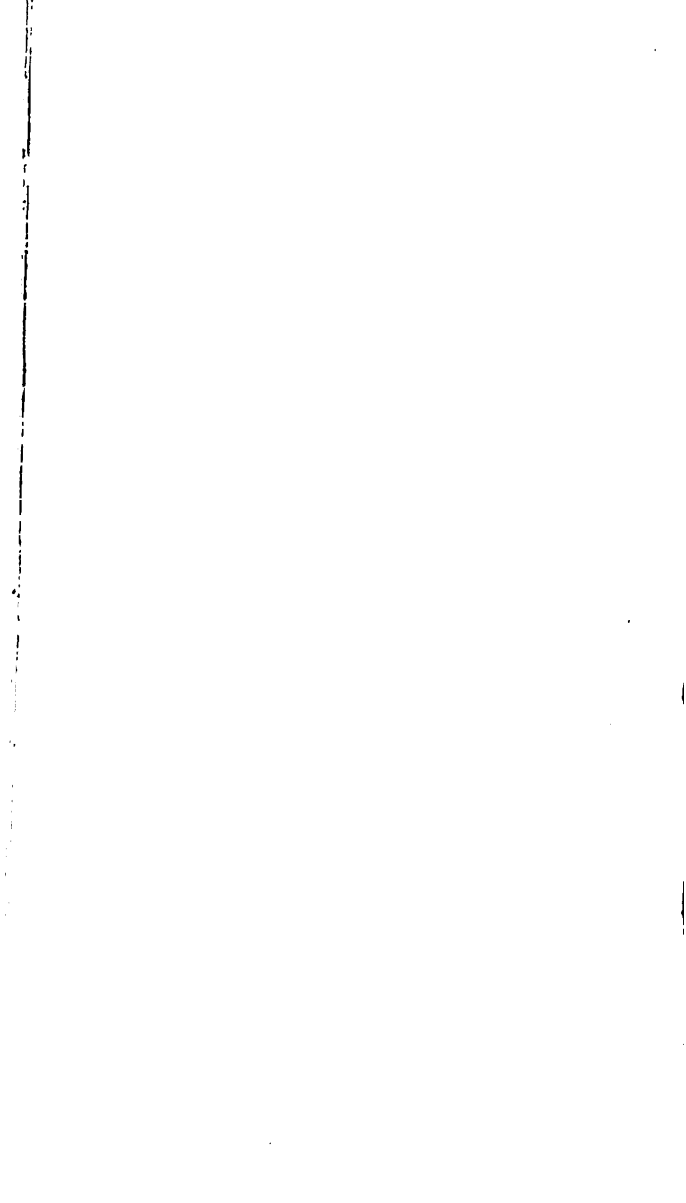


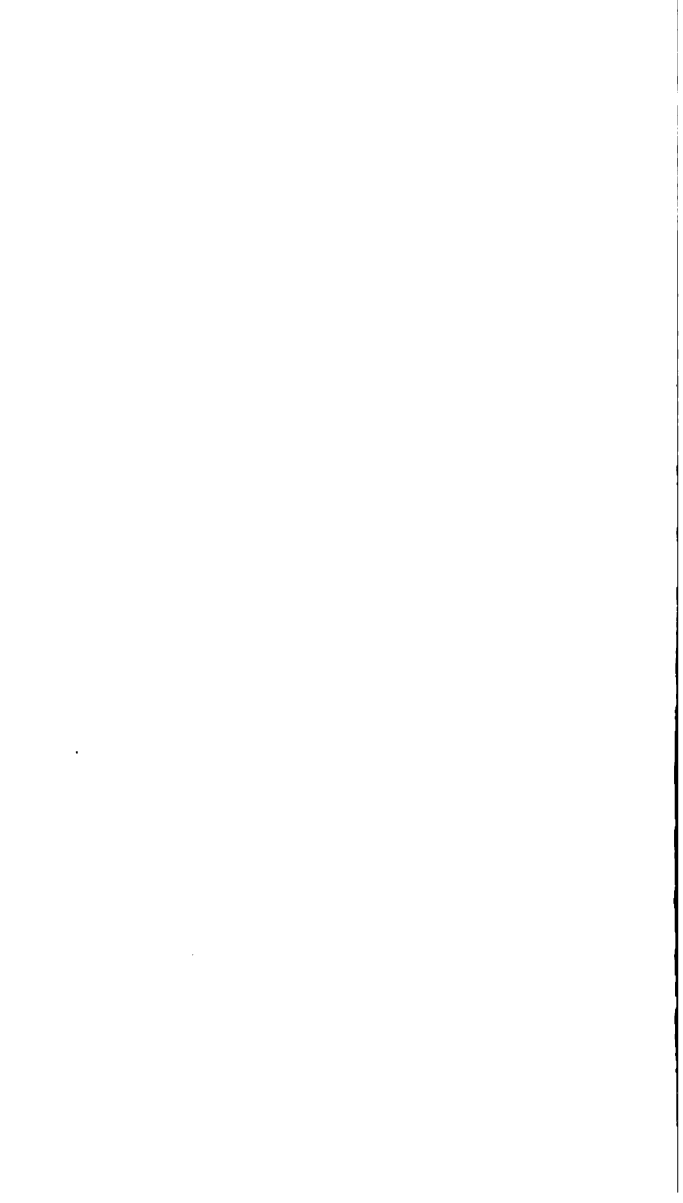
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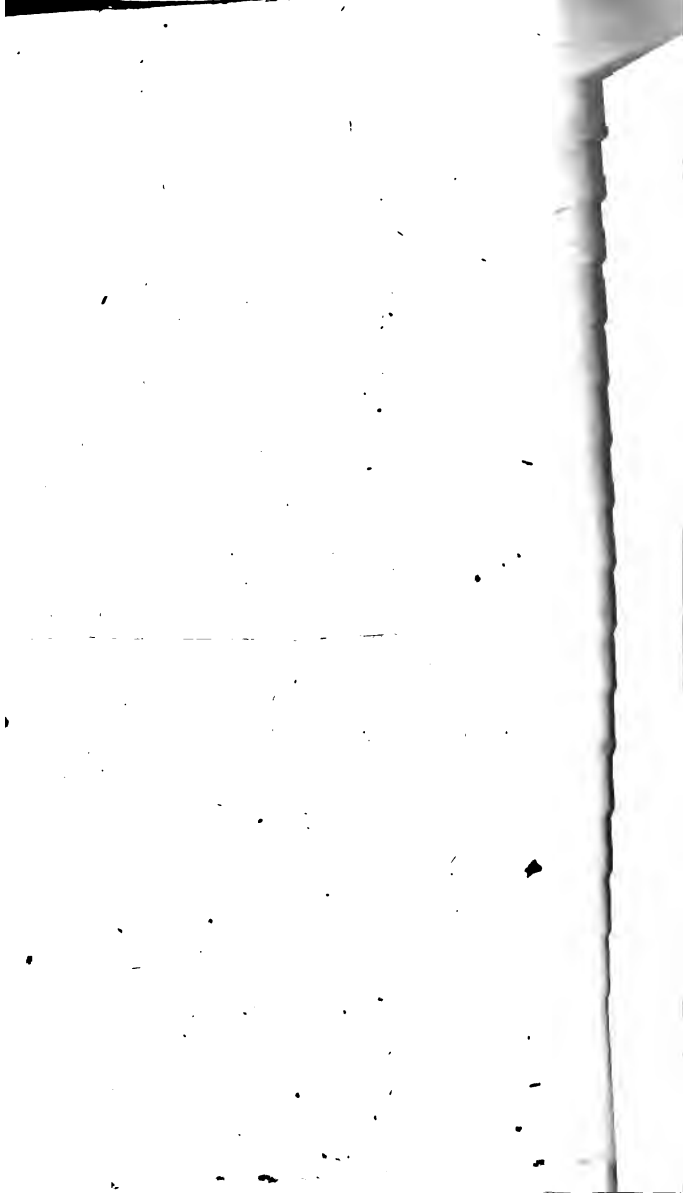


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(ORIGINAL)

Poetic Effusions,
Religious, Moral and Sentimental.



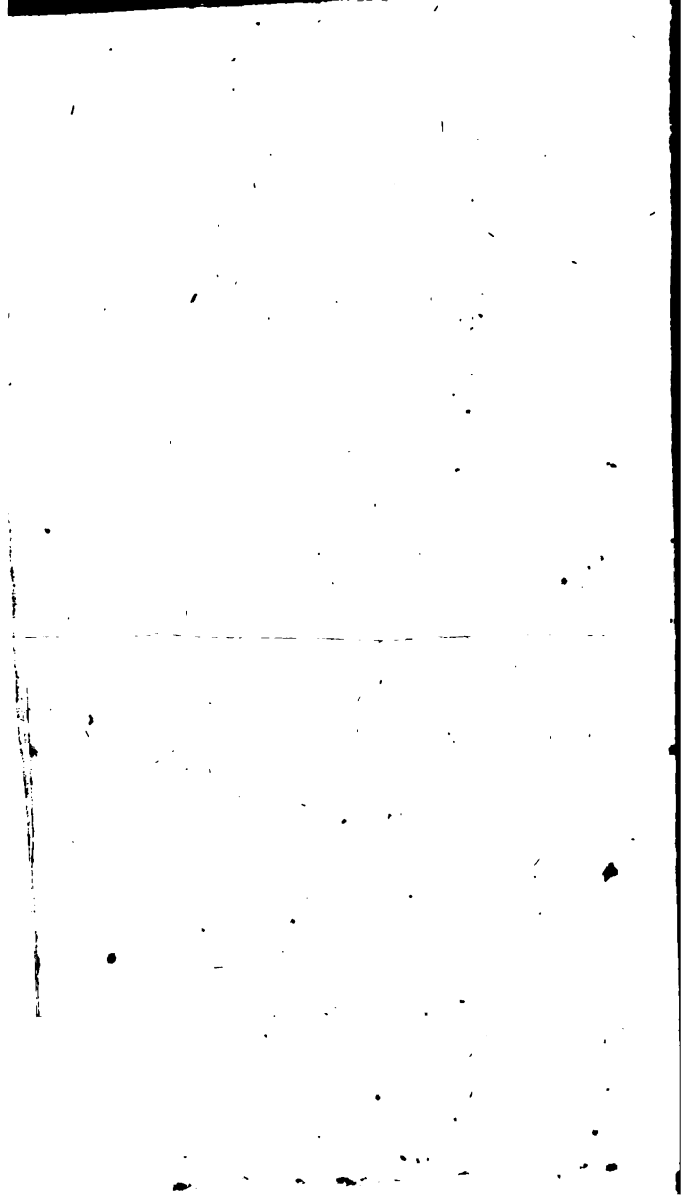
FROM THE PEN OF A. S. C.

*Wake ye sounds of minstrelsy,
While the joyful heart beats high;
Glowing with seraphic fire,
Purest, noblest thoughts inspire!*

B O S T O N .

Drawn by J. R. Penniman. Engraved by W. Hoagland.

1822



(ORIGINAL)

Poetic Effusions,

Religious, Moral and Sentimental.



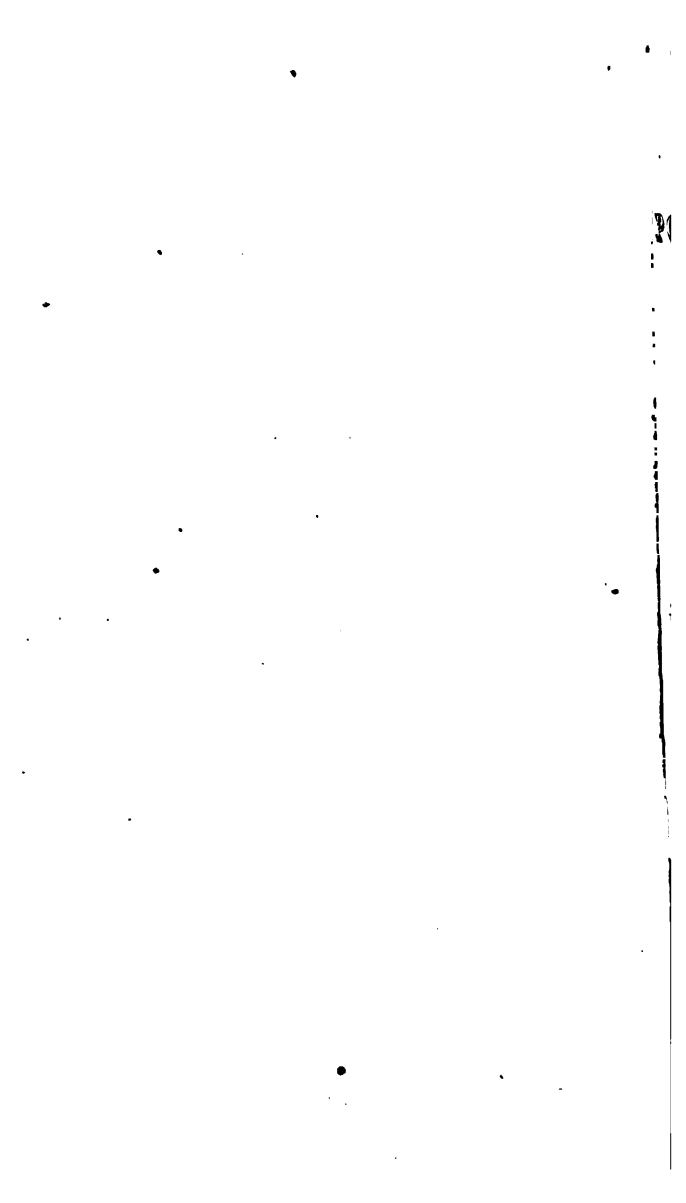
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Greenville, A. S.

ORIGINAL

POETIC EFFUSIONS,

MORAL, RELIGIOUS,

AND

SENTIMENTAL.



FROM THE PEN OF A. S. G.

SECOND EDITION.

DEDHAM:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN ADAMS,

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1825.

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District Clerk's Office.

Be it remembered, that on the fourteenth day of June, A. D. 1822, in the forty-seventh year of the independence of the United States of America, John Adams, of the said District, has deposited in this Office the Title of a Book, the Right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, *to wit*.

“Original Poetic Effusions. Moral, Religious, and Sentimental. *From the Pen of A. S. G.*”

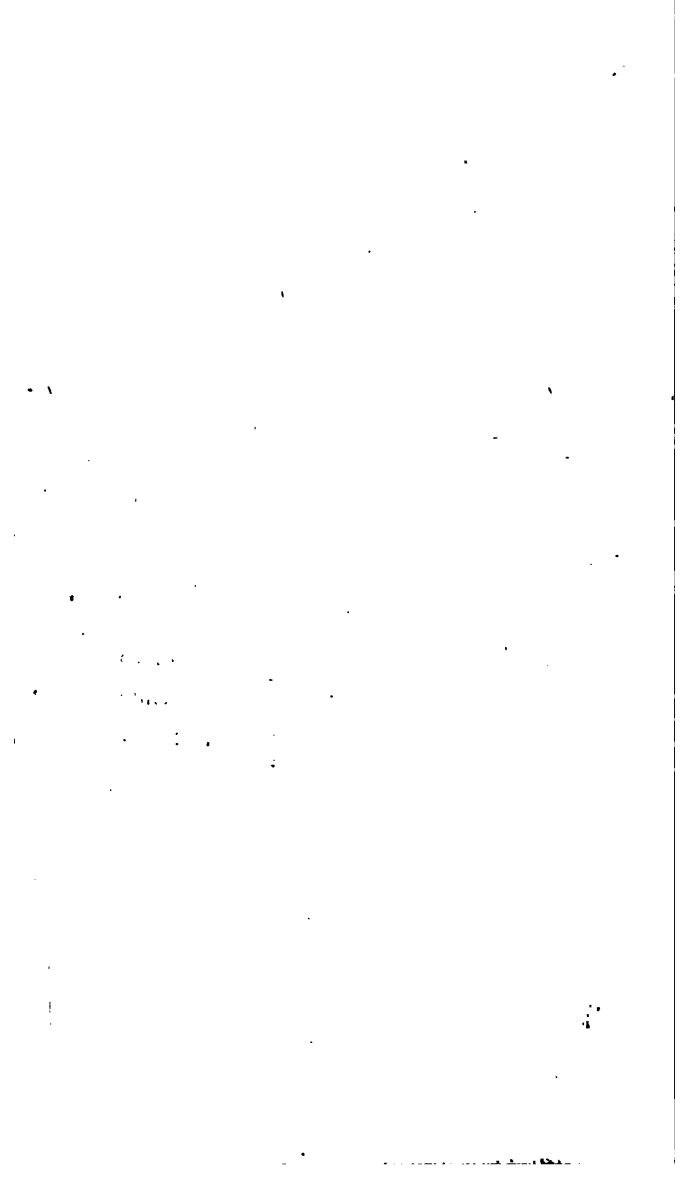
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JNO. W. DAVIS,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

PREFACE.

The following little pieces were the effusions of the moment, written for the purpose of amusing a vacant, and oftentimes a melancholy hour! and should it be their good fortune, in the least degree, to interest the public, to which they are now offered, a farther happiness will smile upon their introduction.



POETIC EFFUSIONS.

'TIS LIKE.

'There is a smile on sorrow's cheek,
Will but a moment stay ;
'Tis like the younger light of morn,
Just shines—then dies away.

'Tis like the Aspen's quivering leaf,
That Zephyrs love to kiss ;
Now seems to feel the touch of grief,—
Now that of melting bliss !

'Tis like the harp's sweet heavenly sound
When floating on the ear ;
Inspiring hope, and love, and joy,—
Then trembles in a tear !

'Tis like the mellow-tinted sky,
At close of summer day ;
Or like a plaintive melody,
Just breathes—then dies away.

COME LET US BIND.

Come, let us bind sweet fancy's wreath,
Around the weary head of care;
That smiles again may deck the face,
Which once with blooming hope was fair :—

Thus—cheer the heart where sorrow long
Has dwelt, with all its gloomy train
Of saddening ills, that feast on life,
And every happy thought restrain !—

Now, now we bind sweet fancy's wreath,
Around the weary head of care;
And smiles and joys, and loves, dispel
The dark-ey'd spirit of despair !—



THE TEAR OF GRATITUDE.

O, THOU BRIGHT GEM ! that dost so fair adorn
The countenance, much I love to see thee,
Lingering in the eye, in all the lustre
Of a feeling heart, resplendent :—
But lovelier far to me dost thou appear,
When by the pleasing tumult of the breast
O'erpower'd, thou leav'st, then brighter sparkling,
Thy beauteous sphere, and unto virtue
Sacred, drop'st—a SWEET MEMORIAL !

O, TOUCH ONCE MORE.

**O! touch once more the love-ton'd lyre,
And sing to me that plaintive strain,
Whose spirit soothes my every care,
And makes me love thee o'er again.**

**O! touch once more the love-ton'd lyre—
There is of heaven something in it;
And, dear Eliza, let me catch
The glowing, chasten'd, rapturous minute!**

**O! touch once more the love-ton'd lyre;
It breaths—I hear that plaintive strain,
Whose spirit soothes my every care,
And makes me love thee o'er again.**

**CONUNDRUM.**

**I guard the breast from foes without,
And guard it, too, from foes within;
My nature's never known to change,
And who obey me, life shall win.**

**I raise the soul from earth to heaven,
Well purified from low desires;
Thus loose the bonds to folly given,
And warm the breast with holy fires!**

APOSTROPHE TO SOLITUDE.

Blest solitude, thou lovely, pensive maid!
To thee my heart would tender homage pay;
For when, with many a painful care oppress'd,
I fain would seek relief,—then dear to me,
As is the smile of zephyr breathing morn,
Thy genial influence!
O, then, what happier sentiment awakes,
Soft, as some heavenly air, my ravish'd soul,
To all the flow of kindlier, sweeter thought!
Blest solitude!—
I love thy sacred haunts, where thou delight'st,
Peaceful to stray; long consecrate
To calm reflection's heaven-inspiring hour!
Where, nor the voice of ceaseless mirth is heard,
Nor the profane their footsteps dare intrude!
O, come, accept my vows;—sure, without thee,
Life would become a charmless, tiresome day!

**COWPER.**

Cowper, thou moral christian bard!
Though oft thy poesy is hard;—
Yet, are thy strains of noble, manly cast,
And e'er, while virtue's cause endures, shall last.
I love them much—they touch upon the heart
And truth and wisdom's fairest words impart.

YE SELFISH SOULS.

I would not know,—ye selfish souls,
The miserable joys ye prize ;
For, in your cold, unfeeling hearts,
A waste of social pleasure lies !

I would not know—for all the wealth,
That e'er your griping hands have gain'd,
The luxuries which wealth affords,
And let a child of want be pain'd !

I would not know—for all the good,
That e'er ye fancy to enjoy,
Your watchful traffic with distress—
This cruel, wicked, curs'd employ !

But, I would know the tear that flows
For sake of poor humanity ;
The heart that feels another's woes,
And beams with SWEETEST CHARITY !

BLEST IS THE MAN.

Blest is the man, with heart sincere,
Who shuns the sinner's ways,
Nor dares, where scoffers meet, appear ;
But would his God obey :—
Like trees, that grow,
Where gentle rivers flow,
His leaf shall never fade !
But smiling suns roll prosp'rous o'er his head !

Not so, with those of wicked mind,
Like chaff, they're driven with the wind ;
And lost to glory, righteousness and faith,
The skies to them are ever clad in wrath !
Then, early seek thy God,
And walk the heavenly road ;
His saints he surely will defend,
And to them numerous blessings send !

**TO HIM WHO.**

To him, who seeks his God, there is on earth
A time of sacred joy, that antedates
The blessedness of heaven ! lifting the soul
Above the things of sense, and feeding it
With pure, satisfying—IMMORTAL LOVE !

WHEN FULL ON HIGH.

When full on high,
The mournful cry,
Of captive Zion rose,—
Th' Almighty Lord,
With powerful word,
Releas'd them from her foes !
'Twas like fair visions of the night,
Or morning's soft and cheering light !

O ! then did we,
Rejoicingly,
Our happy voices raise ;—
To sacred mirth
Our tongues gave birth,
In liveliest songs of praise !
'Twas sweet to sing redeeming love,
That did tow'rd us its blessings prove !

With what surprise,
Did heathen eyes
Those wondrous actions view ;—
'The Lord, they said,
Hath now display'd
His truth, and might for you !
Who's wrought for us most gracious things ;
And peace his sure salvation brings !

Loose us, again,
From captive-chain,
O, Lord! and guide our way;
Like streams that rise,
Where southern skies
Are cloth'd in loveliest array!
Whilst all the world, with full acclaim,
Shall sing hosannas to thy name!

Come, those, who sow,
In tears of woe,
And bearing precious seed,
Shall reap with joy,
[O, blest employ]
A harvest rich indeed!
And—home with gladsome hearts shall bring
The early promis'd sheaves of spring!



DR. JOHNSON.

Thou mov'st in lofty, senatorial style,—
And when thou sportest, wilt but gravely smile;
For,—all the virtues guide thy flowing pen,
And wit is made assistant in their train!

For Had'st Thou more or Less.

Lord ! who will shew us any good !
Thus weak and foolish mortals cry,
And struggle on, through various toil,
With dreams of nought but misery !

The morning sun, that lovely shines,
And beams its sweetest glories round,
Brings no rejoicings to their breast ;—
Still, still their murmurings abound !

Nature, in all her beauties drest,
To them, in vain, her grace displays ;
For, wrong within, mild peace has flown,
Whilst error winds its devious maze !

Unhappy wretch ! whoever thou art,
Behold the good which heaven bestows,
Nor let repinings fill thy soul :
*Perfection from disorder flows ;

And, hadst thou more or less than seems,
To thy ill-judging mind, so fair,
Thou might'st be doom'd to greater pain,
Or, feel more bliss than thou could'st bear !

* *In actis Providentiæ modo quod ita interdum apparet.*

HOPE.

As oft the way-worn traveller,
Who treads night's darken'd maze,
Espies a distant meteor-light,
And thinks it steady blaze ;—

Joying, pursues th' illusive gleam,
O'er many a dangerous way ;
Till ah ! too late the truth perceives,
That he is led astray !

— So hope, delusive hope, deceives
The fond and trusting breast ;
Allures us with her winning smiles,
Then leaves us—sad, oppress'd !



THERE IS A SMILE.

There is a smile that glads the heart,
The sunshine of a happy hour ;
But there is one, whose feverish start
Bespeaks the bosom rankl'd to the core !

O'er the wan cheek I've seen this stray,
And could not bear its mournful stay ;
A meteor—a moment given,
That seem'd to light—then darken heaven !

A FABLE.

Once on a time, as fable tells,
The Rose, of gay adorning.
Address'd the modest Lilly, thus—
[In words of haughty scorning.]

Behold ! 'round me what beauties shine,
How lov'd, and how caress'd ;
While thou so meek and lowly seem'st—
By fair one rare possess'd :

See, in the garden, with what care,
Do ladies bright attend me ;
I bloom and flourish midst their smiles,
And kisses sweet they lend me.

Now, pert Miss Rose, the Lilly cries,
I know thy proud disdain !—
Will this sustain thy drooping head,
When thy frail beauty's waning ?

Though on some fair one's bosom laid,
Soon as thy charms are faded,
She-tears thee from the lovely place,
As poor and mean—degraded !

No modest worth to soothe thy fate,
When to decay thou'rt turning,
Thy friends forsake thee,—and thou meet'st
With nothing else but spurning !

Now mark *that lot* reproach'd by thee ;
Though meek, yet not despised ;
Oft plac'd on breast of gentle swain,
By him I'm ever prized !

And when my freshness fades away,
Still, in remembrance, with him stay ;
For with this truth I fill his heart—
That—'tis most wise from pride to part.



THEN AH! TOO SURELY.

And hast thou felt the wintery blast,
When driving through the sky ;
Then, ah, too surely hast thou felt
Man's inhumanity !

And hast thou felt thy bosom pain'd,
And found no comfort by ;
Then, ah ! too surely hast thou felt
Man's inhumanity !

And hast thou felt the frown of friends,
When fled prosperity ;
Then, ah, too surely hast thou felt
Man's inhumanity !

A MOTHER'S TEAR.

When Fanny watched her infant care,
So truly to her bosom dear;
She kiss'd it oft—while drop'd a gem—
It was a MOTHER'S TEAR!

It sprang from richest, noblest feeling,
To holy nature true;
A little radiant Messenger,
Quick from the heart that flew.

And told a pleasure there surpassing
Every joy of earth beside;
Unmix'd with sordid, selfish passion—
Purest love and reason's pride!

WOMAN! thou hast a greater bliss
Than heaven on man bestows;
When, fondling with thy infant care,
The tear maternal flows!

LINES

*On seeing a Cupid designed and painted by Miss H. C.?
representing him as having bound the heart with a
chain; and then in the act of piercing it through with
his dart.*

The little urchin not content—
With adamant chain to bind;
But e'er on love's sweet mischief bent,
He tries to wound the mind!

Ah! 'tis with winning roseate smiles,
He well directs his treacherous art;
And soon the bosom's peace beguiles,
And triumphs o'er the heart!

LADY! would'st thou never sigh,
Turn from his love-beaming eye;
Catch not the smile, that lingers o'er
His playful mouth—'twill give thee to his pow'r
Gaze not! or else too soon thou'lt know,
From him, the fatal bliss of woe!

SONG.

IN MANNER OF THE SCOTCH.

How Sweet are the Days.

How sweet are the days I have pass'd with my love,
 And how sweet to fond memory ever they'll prove:
 When our bosoms first glow'd with affection's pure flame,
 And friendship—'twas known by a tenderer name!

Then—how the blest minutes fled swiftly away,
 As by some murmur'ing streamlet we lengthen'd our stay;
 For, Anna was true, and her Edgar sincere,
 Thus each to the other was all that is dear!



CONUNDRUM.

Both old and young do feel my power,
 And take me to their happy arms;
 THE BLISS—THE SOLACE of an hour,
 No smile, like mine, the besom warms

Life, without me's a mournful day,
 The heart is sad and weary;
 My charms, like music, drive away,
 At once, all tho't that's dreary!

THE PASSIONS.

Passions most surely needful are—
Grand stim'li of the mind;
For, without them, 'twould soon corrupt,
As seas without the wind.

Of them—the only evil comes
From their unlicens'd rule,—
Which the poor wretch to mis'ry dooms,
Who's thus their wayward fool!

Be they indulg'd within the goal,
That nature hath ordain'd,—
They raise emotions in the soul,
Which need not be restrain'd:
When, from them half the virtues flow
That on our life such good bestow.

*Have like a shadow passed away, or
post that hasteth by.*

The rose, that bloom'd on beauty's cheek,
And charm'd the gazing eye,
Hath, like a shadow, pass'd away,
Or post that hasteth by !

And youth and age, that gave delight,
And grew with promise high,
Have, like a shadow, pass'd away,
Or post that hasteth by !

And many a hope, that caus'd the heart
To beat right cheerily,
Hath, like a shadow, pass'd away,
Or post that hasteth by !

Then, wisdom let us seek to gain,
A rich and noble prize ;
For this shall with us e'er remain—
Bright offspring of the skies !

SO FADE THE WORLD.

So fade the world!—with all its charms,
If thou, my God, be near;
Held in thine everlasting arms,
My soul shall never fear!

So fade the world!—if in my breast
Doth pure religion reign;
This promises eternal rest,
Relief from every pain!

So fade the world!—if I be thine,
Jesus, my Saviour, King;
And then, no more, shall I repine
For joys which earth can bring!

So fade the world!—a fairer scene
Now breaks upon my sight;
Where clouds, nor darkness intervene,
But all's with glory bright!

So fade the world!—to thee, my God,
Be all my homage paid;
Whilst heart-felt praises burst aloud,
Like holy incense spread!

DOST THOU STILL SEEK.

**Dost thou still seek for happiness, toiling,
Pursue this end of all thy mighty schemes ;
And still this GOON thy eager grasp elude.
Whilst anxious tho't is wrinkling o'er thy brow ?
Come then, be wise—forsake a treacherous world,
And draw thy heart from off its vanities !
Nor let ambition wild, nor cursed pride,
Thy breast usurp, but fix thy mind on heaven !
Then, thy desires shall all be purified ;
Nor thine affections chain'd to time and sense,
Mere emptiness !—
Then, better hopes thy bosom shall inspire ;
And borne, on FAITH's immortal pinions, rise,
Where joys eternal break upon thy view :
'Tis THIS will heighten all thy comforts here ;
And love, to God supreme, thy soul shall fill,
And all within be—PEACE !**

TO WOMAN.

Much has been said and sung about thee,
Told of all thy witching charms ;
And he's unwise who lives without thee,
Shuns the HOME within thy arms.

Thou art of life the sweetest blessing,
FRIEND, COMPANION, BLISS of man ;
And when ills around him pressing,
Anxious e'er some good to plan :

Forgetting thine own ease and pleasure,
Wearied not in deeds of worth ;
Thy dear heart's rich, noble treasure
Shines in heavenly beauty forth !

Who would not love thee, generous creature,
Fairest work of nature's God ?
Love and grace in every feature,
Making earth more blest abode !

VISIONS OF YOUTH.

Visions of youth ! where have ye fled,
That brighten'd up my early morning ;
That wreath'd your glories 'round my head,
And ev'ry scene of life adorning ?

Ye us'd to cheat me into bliss,
With raptures dwelling on to-morrow !
And now ye've left me only THIS—
The sad reality of sorrow !—

Ah ! age hath drove ye all away,
Long since, with sober, wise reflections,
Nor would let ye fondly stay,
And steal upon the mind's affections.

O, come again, and cheer my heart—
I'll love ye, sweet deceivers, ever ;
Ne'er will I let ye 'gain depart,
No, no ; NEVER ! O, NO ; NEVER !

BENEVOLENCE.

Daughter of heaven thy smiling, angel form
Can charm our reason and our bosoms warm ;
Can lift our souls 'bove the dull scenes of earth,
And to the purest noblest joys give birth.

O hold thy reign in every human breast,
Shed thy sweet mercies on the sad, oppres'd ;
And may thy spirit every heart engage,
From lisping infants to the hoary sage.

Yes ; from thy hand innumerable blessings flow ;
'Tis thine to mitigate the pangs of woe :
With bright'ning hopes suffuse the tearful eye,
Repress the mournful, ever wasting sigh !

Daughter of heaven ! thy smiling, angel form
Can charm our reason and our bosoms warm ;
Can lift the soul 'bove the dull scenes of earth,
And to the purest, noblest joys give birth ?

And darest thou yet despise.

Vain man ! and darest thou yet despise
The suppliant fatherless ;
Nor hearken to the widow's cries,
When pleading for redress ?

Behold her tears which bitter flow,
'Cause of th' oppressor's power ;
And tell of her deep rooted woe,
And gloom each passing hour !

Say—at this scene art thou unmov'd,
Nor pity touch thy breast ;
Then go and herd thee with the brute,
Nor dream thou canst be blest !

There is AVENGER of the poor,
The widow, fatherless ;
Whose mercy ever shall endure,
And guard them in distress !

LIKE DAVID.

When mighty sorrows o'er us roll,
Sweep all our joys away ;
Like David let the pious soul
Strike up the solemn lay !

Sing of the goodness of the Lord,
His mercies, holiness ;
How saints shall reap the great reward,—
Enjoying endless peace !

That in the realms of light above,
A BLESSED SAVIOUR reigns,
Who feels for all his creatures love,
Compassionates their pains !

Who would not that a soul should die,
O'erwhelm'd with wretched fears ;
For every want he will supply,
And wipe away all tears !

Obey—'tis all that heaven requires—
The work of holy faith ;
Then, while the soul to God aspires,
Dreads no impending wrath !

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

**Praise ye the Lord ! great King of kings !—
Whose bounteous love salvation brings ;
Who mov'd with pity for our race,
Sheds on the world his pardoning grace !**

**Praise ye the Lord ! with loud acclaim !
Whose glorious deeds of mighty fame,
The nations fill with reverent awe
To pay obedience to his law !**

**Praise ye the Lord ! with cheerful voice !
Who bids his creatures to rejoice ;
Since thro' his son, to man he's given
The holy joys—the bliss of heaven !**

HOW SAY YE.

How say ye to my soul,
Ah ! like a timorous dove,
To yonder mountain flee,
And from thy fears remove.

For sure the Lord's my trust,
My hope, my only stay ;
And what, when he is near,
Shall fright my soul away.

Lo ! do the wicked rise,
And for a while prevail ;
But—soon the righteous Lord
Shall make their purpose fail.

For from his holy throne—
His watchful eyes behold
The wayward sons of men,
And all their sins unfold.

And, on them sore shall rain
A dreadful storm of woes—
The portion of their cup,
Who dare to be his foes !

But those, who love the Lord,
Shall ever dwell in peace,
And all that's good and FAIR,
Around them shall encrease.

WHO SEEK TO KNOW.

Blest are the pure and undefil'd
In walk, before their God ;
Who seek to know his high commands,
And cheerful bear his word :—
Their homes shall ever peaceful be,
Nor enter their iniquity.

The vine to them shall never fail,
The olive all its fatness yield ;
With rosy health each breeze be fraught,
And blessings spread the teeming field !
Hence—shall the righteous e'er rejoice,
And praise the Lord with happy voice.

**BEHOLD.**

Behold ! on yonder beetling height,
Where a majestic oak hath grown,—
Which firm withstood full many a storm,
That raging strove to cast it down !

Just so, 'tis with the virtuous mind,
When adverse fortune's tempest lours,
And to o'erthrow it vengeful tries,—
But vainly round its fury pours.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE CUTTING DOWN OF AN OLD,
DECAYED APPLE-TREE.

Well ! thou hast lived to good old age,
And often borne most pleasant fruit ;
But now—thy body's old. decay'd,
The axe is laid unto thy root !

Just so it fares with wretched man,
Who to the world hath useful been ;
In age, despised and forlorn,
No farther profit in him seen !

And, thou'st beheld, too, by thy side,
Full many a sapling bloom awhile ;
And every care on it bestow'd ;
Which but deceiv'd us with a smile !

True emblem of the human race !—
Tho' yet to merit quite unknown,
The youth is favor'd and caress'd,
And worthy age oft left to moan !

TO MY YOUNG FRIEND R.

The rose is blooming on thy cheek,
Now graceful waves thy flowing hair ;
But trust thou not frail Beauty's bloom,
See—virtue wears a form more fair !

Ah ! time will steal the rose away,
Will silent thin thy flowing hair ;
Then, trust thou not frail Beauty's bloom,—
Nor give to it one moments care !

Let not thy heart seek earthly joys,—
I tell thee friend these joys are vain ;
And pleasures cup, tho' smiling, sweet,
Contains the sick'ning daught of pain !

Then flee the world's poor sensual charms,
Live but to do thy duty here ;
And bosom all thy hopes on heaven,
Where no more flows the wretched tear !

TO THE FAIR.

Yes, I've seen the blushing rose,
In all the pride of beauty drest,
Its mildest sweetest tints disclose,
And fondly plac'd it on my breast.

And too, I've seen this lovely flower—
Dear emblem of an artless maid ;
Struck by some dire unfriendly power,
Full lowly hang its beauteous head !

Eliza thus expos'd thy youth !
Beware of false and cruel man ;
He'll praise thy innocence and truth,
Whilst curs'd destruction is—HIS PLAN !



EMULATION OF CHILDREN.

See emulation swell their little minds,
Whilst innocence is smiling o'er the scene ;
Tis love of this in social bonds, which binds
The human race, and doth to virtue lean.

. IMPROMPTU,

ON BEING ASKED, WHETHER MERE BEAUTY OF PERSON
WERE NOT ALL THAT IS REQUISITE TO
CONSTITUTE THE LOVE FOR WOMAN?

What ! shall a face then win my heart,
Mere symmetry of form ;
Such thrilling raptures THIS impart,
With love my bosom warm ?

As well might ocean billows heave,
When not a wind did rise,
As fancy thus my heart deceive,
And fix my wandering eyes.

No ; 'tis the beauty of the soul,
That could my bosom fire ;
THIS would my tenderest thro't's control,
And love and truth inspire.

LINES TO —

O, thou envenom'd foe to peace;
When will thy cursed slanderings cease
Their mildew-blasts to spread?
Thou seem'st to know no other joy,
Than reputation to annoy,
And strike all hearts with dread!

When thou dost this! how wilt thou smile,
With hellish pleasure, all the while—
So speeds thy wretched art;—
For all that's dear to honest fame
Sure fills thy paltry soul with shame,
And makes thy bosom smart!

No moral worth e'er charms thy breast;
Its loveliness disturbs thy rest,
And whets thy hatred keen;
Yes, thou would'st level all to thee—
To hide thine own deformity,
And safely vent thy spleen!

Away! nor show thy hideous face,
Where virtue ever had a place,
Thou reprobate to heaven!
For all that's dear to honest fame,
Sure fills thy paltry soul with shame,—
By vilest passions driven!

TO HONOR.

O, thou, name of dread import—
Oft the coward's last resort;
Oft the splendid wear of passion,
Knaves and dunces keep in fashion!
Treacherous charmer, thou, of reason,
Rife with bloodshed, horror, treason!—
Oft the child of sentiment,
And the wear of good intent;
Then, the virtuous fully know thee,
And their best affections owe thee!



BEWARE.

Beware!—who says he loves his God,
And dares to do his neighbor wrong;
'Tis all a foolish, vain pretence,
A lie is dwelling on his tongue!

For, God's a God of charity,
Or, not a mortal e'en could live;
Then, who forsakes HUMANITY,
Sure in that God cannot believe!

I WILL LOVE THEE.

O ! come, my fair one, I will love thee,
Love thee for thy thousand charms,—
Not of beauteous person only,
But of heart, that ever thy dear bosom warms.

When prosperity spread 'round me
All her gifts, and cheerly smil'd,
Thou didst make the scene more lovely,
As every care thy converse sweet beguil'd.

Yet, better still I've known thy worth,
And well have learn'd thy faithful love,
While, smiling oft thro' sorrow's tears,
Thou gently would'st my anxious thro't reprove.

'Twas—when adversity's dark storm
Came howling o'er my head,
And swept along with dreadful blast,
And low in ruins each fair and better prospect
laid :

O, then, my girl, I found thee dear;
And well I learn'd thy faithful love;
Kind as of pitying angel friend,
Who'd come with healings from the realms above.

TELL ME.

Tell me, ye gay and wanton throng,
From whence is all your joy;
Is sorrow charmed with your song,
Nor cases your thot's employ?

When wayward fortune spreads her gloom,
And thousand ills abound,
What! can your cheeks still lovely bloom,
Can peace within be found?

And too, when mis'ries not your own,
A woe-fraught tale declare;
Can ye forget the wretched's moan,
To scenes of mirth repair?

Be this your bliss, adieu! ye gay,
Eternal my adieu!

I'll go—RELIGION leads the way,
And better joys pursue!

From THIS the heart shall find relief,
Shall truest pleasures rise;
'Tis THIS will sooth the pang of grief,
And bear us—to the skies!

SONG.

IN MANNER OF THE SCOTCH.

'Twas in the Springtide:

'Twas in the springtide of the year,
 'Lone, in a sweet and poplar grove,
 Strephon indulg'd the rising tear,
 And plaintive, thus, address'd his love—

O, Julia! to this bosom dear,
 Why wilt thou shun thy lover so;
 E'er will thy heart so cold appear,
 So pleas'd to give another woe?

It chanc'd, fair Julia heard his mean,
 And thus to sooth her lover's pain—
 She said, dear youth, I fondly own,
 Thou in my heart dost solely reign!

Then Strephon cried, now am I blest—
 To know thou deign'st to call me thine;
 And to his happy bosom prest
 His Julia, saying, thou art mine!

THE SMILE OF GLADNESS.

O, I've seen the smile of gladness,
Playful as the moon-light beam,
O'er the face of musing sadness
Cast a mild enchanting gleam—
Soft and fair,
Hope, on bright'ning wing, drew near,
Care beguiling—
And the cup of joy was filling.

But soon a wrathful storm arose,
Menacing a thousand woes;
Withered forms of care, unblest,
Terrific, shook the trembling breast?

Then—I've seen this smile depart,
Transient as a meteor-ray;
Leave a gloom upon the heart,
Like a long and cheerless day.

MY TEARS HAVE BEEN.

While infidels deride my faith,
 And ask where is thy God?
 Both day and night my tears have been—
 My constant bitter food!

But why, my soul, art thou cast down,
 Disquieted within?
 Hope thou in God! his grace shall bring
 A sweet release from sin!

And, in his courts I yet shall praise
 My grateful-sounding voice;
 Sing Hallelujah's to His name,
 Who bade my soul rejoice!

AWAKE YE SLOTHFUL.

Awake, ye slothful, and arise,—
 Behold your fields with weeds o'errun;
 Go, to your work—so wisdom cries,
 Nor leave your duty thus undone.

Surely, ye cannot think to reap
 Fair sheaves, where ye have never sown:
 Nor pure and clean your conscience keep,
 While sloth usurps the mental throne!

But Mark the Race of Man.

The beasts with pleasure seek their kind—
In amicable bouds are join'd,
And act with truest social mind;
But mark the race of man—you'll find
Dread signs of his oppression!

The little feather'd tribes, that rise
On airy wing, and mount the skies,
Are strongly to their own inclin'd;
But mark the race of man—you'll find
Dread signs of his oppression!

The staly 'hab'tants of the deep,
Which thro' the waves their courses sweep,
With joy do ever meet their kind;
But mark the race of man—you'll find
Dread signs of his oppression!

Even things inan'mate seem to woo,
With kindest love, their species too,
As tho' to mutual aid inclin'd;
But mark the race of man—you'll find
Dread signs of his oppression!

*Not many wise men after the flesh, not
many mighty, not many noble are called.*

And dost thou still, in secret sigh
For this world's vainlike store,
Love its imposing ties?
Haste to be wise,
And learn, no more
To give thy soul to vanity!

Do riches, say, allure thy pride;
And thy fond bosom pain,
With anxious, pining care?
Of this beware,—
A wretched gain,
When 'tis the loss of every good beside!

Do honors cause thee to despise
Thy poor and humble state!
While yet thou may'st awake,
Thy dreams forsake,
E'er thou too late,
Op'nest to sober truth thine eyes!

For what is grandeur but a name,
In all its glittering dress
And train;—a mere deceit,
The splendid cheat
Of happiness;
And, oft but folly's miserable claim!

Not many noble, rich and great,
Will sing redeeming love ;
So fondly do they strive,
For sense to live,
And boast their hate
Of FAIRER, PURER JOYS ABOVE !



TO PEACE.

Smiling cherub of the skies,
With thy radiance bless mine eyes ;
Come, reside within my breast,
Hush my sorrows all to rest !

Thou hast often heard my pleading,
When my broken heart was bleeding ;—
Known the constant, bitter sighing,
That my bosom's core was drying !

Round me spread thy blissful treasures,
Give my soul to soothing pleasures ;
As, thy gentle spirit's calming,
All that's fair of life embalming !

HIM WHO.

Him, who in thy hours of peace,
Warmly doth his love express,
Ah! avoid—and let him go,
He'll leave thee in thy hours of woe!

Yes; then he'll mock thy misery,
As turn'd on thee reproachful eye;
Confessing, that he feels, no more,
The kindly beam of friendship's power.

Thus have I known how poor man's heart,
Begloss'd with hypocritic art;—
How weak its vows—and, ah! how mean;
When pride and self forestall its spleen!

To a Lady, who wore a Dagger.

Is't not enough, thou cruel fair,
To kill us with thine eyes;
Or, would thy mercy sweetly spare
What beauty's self denies?

For, quicker vengeance swells thy breast,
Full well thy looks reveal;
To put our hearts, then, quite at rest,
Thou't pierce them thro' with—STEEL!

I HATE THE WRETCH.

I hate the wretch ! whose ear is clos'd
Against the orphan's cry ;
Whose selfish soul, yet, never felt
For other's misery !
Who, like the Levite, ever shuns
His fellow in distress ;
Nor comes—the good Samaritan,
His bleeding wounds to dress !

I hate the wretch ! with bosom cold,
Who weighs his charity ;
Metes out, with sure exactest rule,
His poor humanity !
But—I do love the feeling heart,
That quick affords relief ;
And joys, with holy extacy,
To hush the tear of grief !

WHEN FIRST I SAW.

When first I saw my Fanny dear,
What raptures thrill'd my breast;
Elysium kindled in her smile,—
And I was truly blest!

Such grace adorn'd her lovely mien,
Such language in her eye;—
O, then I felt my soul was hers,
And breathed love's first sigh!

She heard my love, receiv'd my vow,—
Thus did her own reveal;
When o'er my heart a joy did come,
As sweet as angels feel!

**CONUNDRUM.**

There is a rich and lovely flower,
First bloom'd in paradise;—
And dear unto the feeling heart,
And earth's best good it is!

It is a flower that love must warm,
Defending it from every harm;
And then—'twill bloom so sweet and fair,
It well rewards man's utmost care!

TO MISS —.

WHO LIVES SECLUDED FROM THE WORLD.

Flora, the gem, whose glittering ray
Obscures the blaze of envious day,
And charms the wondering sight ;—
While in the mine, unheeded lay,
Nor shone, 'till first it met the light !

So thus unmin'd—thy charms shall fade !
Nor can thy worth be there display'd,
Which seen, all must admire ;—
Just to thyself, then, leave the shade,
Appear, and every bosom fire !

BURNS.

Nature's lov'd child,
The Muses on thy being smil'd !
And none, I wot
Have sung, with half so sweet a note,
The Loves of Lasses, tender swains ;
And who such purity inspire ;—
For, thou hast made th' ear t' admire,
The heart to feel thy strains !

MAN'S ONLY HOPE,

Go, search the world of vanities,
 Dream here and there thy comfort is,
 Taste all its joys the most refin'd;
 Still, still thou'lt find,
 Man's only hope is—HEAVEN!

Let shining gold allure thy sense,
 Plead thou the *EPICURE'S DEFENCE,—
 Yea, range through pleasures unconfin'd;
 Still, still thou'lt find,
 Man's only hope is—HEAVEN!

Let rank and honors charm thy soul,
 Usurp o'er thee supreme control;
 Awhile, though they may sooth the mind;
 Still, still thou'lt find,
 Man's only hope is—HEAVEN!

Next, lord it o'er thy fellow man,
 Despising nature's equal plan;
 Be all of earth for thee combin'd,
 Still, still thou'lt find,
 Man's only hope is—HEAVEN!

* *Dum vivimus, vivamus.*

TO A LADY,

WHO WAS SPORTIVELY BINDING A WREATH OF
FLOWERS ROUND A GENTLEMAN'S HEAD.

Myra, forbear thy witching art,
Nor kill poor Milo quite ;—
Dost thou not see how sad his heart,
E'en while so gay his head's bedight !

Surely, thou mark'st that mournful smile,
Which doth his inmost soul betray ;
'Tween hope and fear it plays the while,
Sweet girl, forbear, away ! away !

Thy gentle bosom never knew
T'inflict a wanton cruel pain ;
Then tell him,—O, I'll love thee too—
Or should I tell thee so,—'twere vain !



STERNE.

Thou wit and humourist, still to nature true,—
Sure, virtue ne'er had cause to blush for you :
The rigid moralist may condemn thy pen,
And say that thou too lax hast often been !
But what of this ! good feeling's on thy side,
And this's thy noblest boast, thy glorious pride !

SEE'ST THOU THAT MAN.

See'st thou that man, unshaken, firm,
Amidst adversity;
Still conscious of his inward worth,
His own integrity.

He hears the storm, and feels its rage,
But not repiningly;
To heaven still lifts his grateful eyes;
Whose power mysteriously—

Supports the virtuous in distress,
Saves in extremity;
As smiling, o'er the troubled scene,
Conscience sits peacefully!

This is a sight which heaven doth love,
Look on approvingly;
Whilst saints and angels hymn their joy
For blest humanity!

PRAISE THE LORD.

Praise HIM ! sun and moon,
And every shining star ;
Praise HIM ! all ye isles,
And nations from afar.

Praise HIM ! every thing,
In earth, in sea, and sky ;
HIM, the sovereign Lord,
Awful in majesty !

Praise HIM ! all ye saints,
Who blest surround his throne ;
Loud Hosannahs raise,
To the ETERNAL ONE !



INTEMPERANCE.

Thou fell destroyer of the human race,
Who liv'st on misery and foul disgrace,—
Back to thy drear, infernal, curs'd abode,
And mar no more the noblest work of God !

A HIT

At the style of our would-be sentimental Poetasters.

I've seen a cat,—at one small leap,—
Spring pat upon a mouse ;
And then I've seen this very cat,
So happy look and crouse !

I've seen her,—next, 'tis sober truth,
Her game, well pleas'd, lay down,
While, ever and anon, she'd mew,
The victory she had won !

I've seen her,—like that creature, mag;
Her victim torture sore ;
Just let the mouse a little go,—
'Then catch it as before !

And I have seen, alas ! have seen
Her fairly eat it up ;
And then, that the poor mouse should 'scape,
'Twere passing bounds of hope !

O SAY.

Whence, whence, O, say, our frequent boast—
That more of worth are we,
If shining gold our coffer's fill?—
Unless our hearts be free—

To aid the needy and distress'd,
Forsaken by the world;
Who pine in want 'mid cares severe,
By adverse fortune harl'd!

Why, with such scorn we oft look down,
Upon our fellow-clay?
Poor feeble tenants of the dust,
Our lives, too, pass away!

Have we by nature more to claim,
Is heaven unequal here?
Be still!—its ways are ever true,
Though dark sometimes appear!

What! if our days more prosperous be,
Abounding honors flow!
Can THIS secure the boon of peace,
Shut out our hearts from woe?

The time is near, and come it will,
When vice shall have its due;
And lovely virtue, ay, shall bloom,
Eternal ages thro'!—

LINES TO —.

Yes; I have seen the man you nam'd;
And ah! how GREAT and LITTLE too;
I would not be so doubly fam'd,
For all the riches of Peru.

Fortune, in frolic, bless'd the dunce,
She on him rain'd a golden shower:
Now, nearly all, who scorn'd him once,
THIS LESS THAN NOTHING DO ADORE!

Pray, what's his head?—an useless thing,
Where old, primeval chaos reigns;
Scarce two ideas can he bring—
But plainly shew a lack of brains!

Yet, he is current with the world,
As coin just issued from the mint;
And bearing folly's flag, unfurl'd,
Like fools behold their glory in't!

'Tis thus is made a common cause,
Lest sense and merit should prevail;
For, dunce with dunce must shake HIS PAWS,
Or soon their every hold would fail.

And what's his heart?—'tis poor and mean,—
No fellow feeling warms his breast;
But, at Religion's shrine he's seen,
And SINGS and PRAISES with the rest!

So 'tis he cheats the wondering throng,
Which laud his saintship to the skies;
A hypocrite the first among,
Tho' often hail'd with gladsome eyes!

For, fortune haply bless'd the dunce,—
She on him rain'd a golden shower;
Now, nearly all, who scorn'd him once,
THIS LESS THAN NOTHING DO ADORE!



A HINT.

Ah! with foul and slanderous tongue,
Beware to do thy neighbor wrong;
Devils may feel as pure a joy,
As those who character destroy!

Whose word are dark as shades of death,
And wasting pestilence their breath!
Whose bosoms only happiness
Springs from the writhings of distress!

Ah! with foul and slanderous tongue,
Beware to do thy neighbor wrong;
Remember, 'tis a crime so base,
To blot it out in depth of grace!

IS SWEETER FAR.

To know a fair one cares for thee—
Forms virtue's noblest panoply;
To gain her love, win her esteem,
Is sweeter far than poets dream!

It comes upon the trembling heart,
Like fairy hues of even;
Beyond the reach, the glare of art—
A charm that beams of heaven!

It soothes the mind, embalms the soul,
With hopes most pure and holy;
An antidote to withering care—
A spell that keeps from folly!



ANNA'S TEAR.

I saw it fall on Anna's cheek,
And lingering there—awhile repose;
In radiance mild, and softly bright,
As dew drop on the beauteous rose.

'Twas dearer far than richest gem,
That e'er with dazzling lustre shone;
It told a true and feeling heart,
And flow'd, sweet pity, all thine own!

TO MARIA.

You ask me, whence Eliza's grace?
Tis soul illumines her beautiful face:
In all she says or does, 'tis THIS,—
Spreads 'round her so much loveliness!

One smile of hers approving given—
Is like a beamy ray from heaven;
Joy to the breast most dear supplies,
Since virtue only wins the prize!

WOMAN!—if rightly used thy power,—
How mightest thou mend the wayward heart;
And cheer and bless the social hour,
As wisdom thy fair lips impart!

Thy frown would awe the libertine,
And check his froward, vicious ways;
While thy sweet smile, to virtue due,
Would oft oppressed merit raise!

A TRAVESTY SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE 4th OF JULY, 1819.

Come, friends and foes,
Come, altogether,—
And let us now be jolly;
Don't care a fig how party goes,
And neither mind nor wind, nor weather,
This surely would be folly!

Bring, bring the cup
Of sparkling wine, all,
✓Let's soak our *Clay* most soundly,—
And ne'er to British sway give up,
Tho' ministers should whine, all,
And rave away confound'dly!

Health to the man,
Who sat at helm
Of good Ship, Constitution;—
When, savage yells from Albion ran,
Astounding thro' our frighten'd realm!
And acted like a true son!

And next, in right,
Let Orleans hear
Her Hero ever praised;—
His warlike arm was dread in fight,
Sav'd many a widow's tear.
His country's glory raised!

And now,—to all,
 Each noble soul,
 For battle-deeds of glory,
 May honors thick as hailstones fall,
 Their fame extend from pole to pole,
 And ever live in story !

But stop—once more,
 Let's fill the bowl ;—
 Full health to James Monroe too ;
 The mantle our old Pilot bore
 Doth now inspire his gallant soul,
 HE'S HEARTY AND HE'S TRUE TOO !



EPIGRAMATIC.

Two amorous wight's sought Fanny's hand,
 And constant woo'd the fair ;
 'Till often ask'd, she did at length,
 The favor'd one declare,

Cries Ned, shure now I'm turn'd adrift,
 And wondering am at this :—
 Says Joe, in faith, 'tis nothing strange,
 Because you sought A—MISS !

A SCENE.

That same desires, fond hopes and anxious fears,
Inspire the breasts of LOW as well as HIGH,
Clear—from the following incident appears,
And will the place of argument supply.

Said Jack, unto his brother *Whip*. the other day,
Why rise so early, why to bed so late;
Why suffer cares to eat thy bloom away,
While the dark hairs grow silvery on thy pate?

Then answered Dick, with manliest feelings warm,—
I heed nor tempest, nor the threat'ning storm;
Nor heat, nor cold, nor wet, nor dry,
But full on glory fix my longing eye!

'Tis, 'tis for *this* I sacrifice my ease,
The newest style of driving horse display,—
And every dear occasion seize—
To show the world how I can dash away!

This, this animates my heart,
For, who would live without a name?
Yes, yes, I live,—I live for fame.
Then crack'd his whip, and onward drove his thunder-
ing cart!

HYPOCRISY.

If there's a crying sin, on earth,
Calls loud for punishment ;
'Tis that of dark hypocrisy,
On others' ruin bent !

Say, dost thou mark that smoothed brow,
Those smiles which seem of heaven ;
There's mischief lurking 'neath their guise,
Black as the shades of even !

They'll lure the unsuspecting wretch,
Who falls within their power ;
And on his poor devoted head
A sure destruction pour !

So doth the wiley serpent charm
The luckless, feathery race,
Which round their own destroyer play,
'Till lost in his embrace !

VELOCIPÈDE.

Said Tom to Dick, the other day,
 As they stood gazing on the way ;—
 Why, what is *that-there* thing,—
 There ? 'tis strange I vow ;—
 It seems two wheels with wooden spring,
 Darnation ! see it go !
 Cries Dick, that's called Velocipède—
 A creature without tail or head,
 That wants nor whip nor prick,—
 There's nought to do but on and kick,
 Away, 'tis gone full speed !—
 And will or stage or coach outran,
 In manner wonderful, indeed !
 As very often it has done,
 Well ! well ! but what is that astride,—
 There—kicking so, and tries to ride ?
 Wounds ! how the thing does pant for breath—
 'Tis dying, sure, a shocking death !
 What ! *that*,—which looks—*there*, stiff as brass ?
 'Tis nothing but a—Dandy Ass !

TO MISS —.

Good Lord ! thy tongue is ever on the clack,
 Like flaming zealot at his full devotion ;—
 And *right* or *wrong*, it matters not a jot,
 For sense ne'er put the pretty thing in motion.

I've heard it go—when prudence would have told thee,
 Thou'dst better kept it close within thy teeth ;
 Then might'st thou've pass'd for quite a charming
 creature,
 Nor've stripp'd from folly's head her blighted wreath !

But no ! thine everlasting love for talking
 Would not permit thee wisdom to pursue ;
 While thy dread din of nonsense, always pouring
 On every ear, makes e'en thy friends look—*blue* !



THE MISER.

Do but observe that tottering, care-worn wretch,
 Of sunken eyes, and dark and furrow'd brow :
 See how he hugs his bags of shining dust,—
 And, as his store, with trembling hands, he counts,
 Mark on his pale, lank cheeks, that sordid smile,
 Which tells how poor and pitiful his heart !
 How rust of avarice has settled there,
 And canker'd all its social, manly joys !

GO, &c.

Go, do the deeds of truth and love,
 So shall thy conscience thee approve ;
 And thou, no more, shalt vainly toil—
 To gain of peace the cheering smile.

But, heaven thy days shall ever bless,
 Bright with the sun of righteousness ;—
 And, should ten thousand dangers come,
 Round thee shall never spread their gloom !

For, right within—no fears shall rise
 To fright thee with their wretched guise ;
 The mind, undaunted, calm, serene,
 Still comfort finds in every scene !



WHEN REASON, SCRIPTURE.

And what is DUTY each one cries—
 What is the WISDOM of the wise ;
 Lo ; is it here or there we find
 This PURIFIER of the mind ?

Surely ! 'tis every where we find,
 When Reason, Scripture we pursue,
 This purifier of the mind—
 IS LOVE TO GOD—OUR NEIGHBOR TOO !

ADDRESSED TO MR. —.

In Modo Consolationis.

What ! die for love ?
Too bad, by Jove !
O, dear ! 'tis melancholy :
Be wise—fond man,
Your tears restrain,
And think no more of Molly !

Zounds ! what is she,—
That thou should'st flee
All comfort for her sake, man ?
Or *white*, or *black*,—
Faith, turn your back,
And let your heart ne'er ache, man.

O, no ! she's fair,
I do declare,—
And dearer too than life, sir,
And sure am I,—
That I shall die,
'Less she becomes my wife, sir !

Then, die, at once,
Thou silly dunce ;
Lord ! what a pretty theme, O !
This Epitaph—
I'll write thee, calf,
I DIED FOR MOLLY NEMO !

A BRIGHTER REGION.

Lift, lift your thro'ts from this vain world,
Where troubles hourly rise ;
For, sure beyond these mortal bounds,
A Brighter Region lies !

Lift, lift your thro'ts from this vain world,
Nor be a willing slave
To vanities, which 'thrall the mind,
And do the heart deprave !

Lift, lift your thro'ts from this vain world,
Nor seek its fleeting joys ;
The things of time and sense are poor,
Mere haubles—empty toys !

Lift, lift your thro'ts from this vain world,
Secure a nobler prize ;—
For, sure beyond these mortal bound,
A Brighter Region lies !

THE BIBLE.

O, Thou Book of sacred treasure,
Strange! by mortals so neglected;
Source of all that's true of pleasure,
All that's good from heaven reflected.

Holy truths around us beaming—
From thy radiant page divine,
'Wake our souls from earthly dreaming,
Bear them 'yond this world's confine.

Faith with reason 'while contending,
Wavering 'tween hope and fear;
'Till, at length, the conflict ending,
Takes the gift—and smiles sincere!

Then, how sweet flows on our being,
By Almighty Love surrounded;
Thus, the Rock of Ages seeing,
Find our happiness unbounded!

LINES

Occasioned by a consideration of the mournful exit of the Velocipede, from an overweening parental solicitude for a bawling begot, somewhat in its own likeness, called the Velocimanipede!

Alas! is then thy promise fled,
 Low in the dust thy honors laid?—
 Full soon thy morning sun went down,
 Well ere it reach'd a splendid noon!
 But long thy merits shall survive,
 Thou, in thy 'manipede, shall live,—
 An offspring worthy of thy loins,
 Whence all the parent's glory shines—
 Thee unborn ages yet shall praise,
 Bless thee for *Manipedian days*;—
 Give thus to each a deathless fame,
 And spread afar thy *mongrel name*!
 O, *how immortal* must we call ye,—
 Both *child* and *parent* sprung from folly!



CONUNDRUM.

I am white, and I'm black, I am brown and I'm grey,
 No colour but what I am dress'd in;
 And always am striving to hide from the day,
 Though the day do I ever look best in.

SINCE FROM.

Since, from my enemies, O, Lord,
Thou hast my vexed soul restored;
O, may the grateful song of praise,
Employ the remnant of my days!

And, in thy courts my feet be found,
Where love and truth and grace abound;
And, to the eye of faith, is given
A cheering, blessed view of heaven!

There guarded by thy mighty arm
From every danger and alarm;
My heart shall feel a holy peace,
Rejoic'd with dews of righteousness!

The ways of Providence are equal, as the Scriptures fully declare, tho' sometimes to our weak apprehensions they may otherwise appear.

THEN CEASE,

Then cease, presumptuous man, no more,
This blessed truth gainsay ;
Thy little wisdom can't explore,
And shew the HIDDEN WAY !

Say, can'st thou fathom the designs
Of dread Omnipotence,—
Buried in darkness and in sin,
Frail child of time and sense ?

By searching thou can'st not find out
The great Eternal mind ;—
Philosophy oft makes the doubt,
More harden'd and more blind !

Cease thy complainings, know thou, still,
All things move onward right ;
Justice directs infinite will,
Goodness infinite might !

And would thy heart unpained be,
When suff'ring righteous die,—
To the eternal doctrines flee,
And look beyond the sky !

Where peace awaits the wearied soul,
Whose faith sustain'd it thro' ;
And streams of sweetest pleasure roll,
Immortal ever knew !

So when thine aching eyes behold
The prosperous wicked here ;—
Tho' now they boast, what woes, untold,
Shall close their sad career !

Thus virtue shall rewarded be
With peace,—and vice with misery ;
Tho' here on earth not always given,
By the mysterious will of heaven !

AN AMULET.

When dread misfortune's howling blast
Doth, round our heads with fury beat ;
What then shall keep our hopes steadfast,
And quell our fears?—AN AMULET !

Do hollow hearted friends forsake,
If 'gainst us th' tide of fortune set ;
What then shall our sad bosoms wake
To love again?—AN AMULET !

Tho' wealth should never on us wait,
And poverty attend our feet ;
What then shall cheer our darksome state,
And light our path?—AN AMULET !

Tho' thousand cares come on amain,—
With chastly smiles our sorrows greet ;
What then shall cease our heavy pain,
And guard our peace?—AN AMULET !

When num'rous ills, like marshal'd foes,
The fortress of our joys beset ;
Behold the charm for deadly woes—
Religion—'TIS THAT AMULET !

ADVERSITY.

Adversity ! at thy approach why should
I fear ; is aught of thee so terrible ?
Full well I know thou hold'st, in thy dark hand,
The rod of trial sore ; and oft, thy stroke's severe,
'Tis true : yet, to the humble soul
Good dost thou bring, that, when by thee chastis'd,
Unto high heaven's will, submissive bows,
And trembling leans upon her God !
Be then thine hour, however sad, rightly
Improv'd ; and that Almighty Friend, who ne'er
In vain afflicts, the broken heart shall heal,
And peace vouchsafe !

CHARITY.

How blest is CHARITY—she beareth long,
Scarce will believe her neighbor in the wrong ;
Sweet are the accents from her lips that flow,
And swift her hand to alleviate others' woe !

She smiles—and hope, again, holds cheerful sway
O'er the sad heart, and wakes a happier day ;
And all the virtues, at her mild controul,
Do brighter shine, and purify the soul !

How blest is CHARITY—she beareth long,
Scarce will believe her neighbor in the wrong ;
Peace spreads her wing, where'er her footsteps wend,
THE CHRISTIAN'S GUARDIAN, and the WRETCH'S
FRIEND !

THERE IS A LIGHT.

There is a light that beams from heaven,
On life's short, evil day,
And cheers the pathway of the just,
And guides him on his way.

It is a light that fills the soul
With joyous, peaceful hope;
And that, when gloomy fears arise,
Still bears the spirits up!

And, would'st thou see this glorious light,—
This light which beams from heaven;
Behold! around the CHRISTIAN's head
It shines, how calm—how even!

LINES ON MR. M.

He had his failings—tell who never had,
But they were failings of a feeling heart ;
Not those which flow from cool and steady head,
Where even virtue is laid down by chart.

Peace to his shade ! in honor let him rest,
Distress ne'er sought his open ear in vain ;
His was the generous, kind and pitying breast,
And his THE DEED to soothe another's pain !

EPITAPHIUM.

Hic depositæ
Manes Pompei Grimalkin,
Qui, Marcii prima, A. D. MDCCCXVII,
Hæc vitæ obit, an. duos ætat.

Erat dum vivens—
Amicorum illius gaudium atque miratio;
Est ille veluti nunc tristia illorum!

Virtutes ipsius non ostentantes!

Nemini inimicus,
Benignus, placidus,
Plenus amore,
Fidelis,
Domi amatus,
Bonæ communis studiosus,
MAGNANIMUS!

Vitæ perficiebat hujus tacite cursum,
Fama dum prope inaudiebatur
EJUS BENEFACTORUM!

SOME SAY.

Some say that Love is a passion—
Both idle and vain ;
That it bindeth, alas, poor reason,
With folly's dull chain !

That affection is but a sweet fancy—
Refinement of sense ;
Less blinded that every one can see—
The heart's fervour is hence !

Let them say so ; I scorn their reproaching ;
Love's the soul's pleasure,—
'Tis a bliss next to heaven approaching,
Life's dearest treasure !

Then away with low scoffing and jeering,—
Woman's man's blessing ;
Like an angel in sorrow appearing,
True worth expressing !

TO OPHELIA.

Dear one, thy virtues e'er inspire
My soul, with truest love for thee ;
Pure as the light my bosom's fire,
And strong as is SINCERITY !

Within my breast thou e'er shalt dwell,
My thot's no other fair can move ;
Come then, nor doubt me when I tell
How sweet thy tenderness and love !

O ! let, my girl, no idle fear,
One moment pain thy gentle heart ;
To me no other shall be dear :
I WILL NOT, CANNOT FROM THEE PART !

HAST THOU NOT.

Hast thou not seen the dew-drop glitter
In th' morning's ray ;
Hast thou not heard the winged choir,
Warbling from cheerful spray !

Hast thou not watch'd, with fancy glowing,
The mellow light,
That trembles on the brow of even,
Inspiring warm delight !

Hast not thy bosom known the bliss
Of sympathy ;
And too, the joyous charm that lives
In friendship's bright'ning eye !

Hast not thy memory trac'd the scenes
Of childhood dear ;
When, many a blooming hope was nigh
Thy gentle mind to cheer !

Of WOMAN, then, thou must have felt
That heavenly grace,
Which thrills the heart, full beaming from
Her speaking, angel face !

THE SIGH.

Gentle Zephyr, whither flying
With that little beauteous thing,
On thy bosom mournful lying,
Breathing sweetness as of spring!
Tell, O tell me, quickly, do,
What its name, why trembling so!
More can't tell thee, as I fly,
That it is a heart felt sigh,
Which, in haste, I happy bear
From Alcemon to his Fair!

WHAT LOVE IS LIKE.

'Tis like the morning dew,
On beds of roses lying;
Or, like a summer's sun,
When transient clouds are flying;

Or, like the morning light,
The western sky illuming;
Or, like the queen of night,
In tender softness blooming;

Or, like some heavenly strain,
When o'er the senses stealing,
That banishes each care and pain,
And wakes the soul of feeling!

CUPID.

Cupid, once, in frolic mood,
Vow'd he'd try his golden dart;
And tipt with love, away it flew,
And slyly pierc'd my heart !

Then, oh ! what pains, what jealous care
My wounded bosom own'd ;
My dreams were e'er of Ellen fair,
And her false vows bemoan'd ?

I sought her oft in every bower,
To love long consecrate :
And bless'd and curs'd th' unhappy hour,
Which bound me to her hate !

Fond youth ! beware the golden dart,
And from its woundings shield thy heart,
Tho' tipt with love so bright and fair,
Destructive is the poison there !

TO HANNAH.

WHO ASKED WHAT ORNAMENTS SHE SHOULD
SELECT TO WEAR AT A PARTY.

Rich in intellectual store,
Thou needest not the gloss of art—
To make the many feel thy power,
And where thou mov'st delight impart.

Yet ; as the world's by fashion sway'd,
Some ornament must deck thee too :
Then call in nature to thy aid,
With art she'll teach thee what to do.

SONG.

IN MANNER OF THE SCOTCH.

Come to my Bosom.

Come to my bosom, fair one, come,
And dwell forever there;
Make it the pillow of thy rest,
I'll soothe thine every care;

And guard thee as I would my life,
E'er try thou shalt be blest;—
Come to my bosom, fair one, come,
Alone by thee possess'd!

Dost thou not hear my tender call,
Wilt thou not come, my fair?
O, yes; I'll to thy bosom come,
And dwell forever there!

* *

WHO WOULD NOT.

Fanny, whene'er thy sparkling eye
Is turn'd complacent on me ;
I somehow feel—I can't tell why,
As tho' its charm had won me :
Who would not ?—

And when I see thy pouting lip,
All circl'd 'round with smilings ;
Its nectared sweets how would I sip,
Of care the dear beguilings :
Who would not ?—

But, when I mark thy bosom swell
With virtue's holy feeling ;
Then, my fond passion would I tell,
To love and truth appealing.
Who would not ?—

WHAT STRAIN IS THAT.

What strain is that, falls softly on mine ear,
As from some angel harp most sweetly strung;
It seems the voice of love to mem'ry dear,
When my fond heart beat high, and hope was young.

It comes—thus telling me what joys are gone,
What years engulfed in the flood of time;
How many a good desir'd's forever gone,
What happiness been nipped in the prime!

O! how it wakes my pleasing, aching sense,
When, dear Almira, all my soul was thine;
When all the joys this world could e'er dispense,
Would but for thee around my heart entwine!

What strain is that, falls softly on mine ear,
As from some angel harp most sweetly strung;
It minds me of that sainted one, so dear,
When my fond heart beat high, and hope was young!

OMNE EADEM.

Why passeth in sorrow thy season of youth,
E'er lettest thy bosom be pain'd ;—
Be wise ! and attend this lesson of truth,
By sorrowing nothing is gain'd !
Then away with thy cares,—for, in all sober sense,
'I will be OMNE EADEM a hundred years hence !

The minute, that's rolling now quickly along,
Is all that thou can'st call thine own ;
Then, let it be cheer'd with the pipe and the song,
Undisturbed by a plaint or a moan ;
And away with thy cares, with thy troubles dispense,
'Twill be OMNE EADEM a hundred years hence !

Why, anxiously seeking and toiling for wealth ?
'Tis a bubble as empty as air ;—
Much dearer than this is sweet rosy-cheek'd health,
So happy, so cheerful, so fair !
Then away with thy folly, with thy av'rice dispense,
'Twill be OMNE EADEM a hundred years hence !

Why suff'rest ambition to trouble thy breast,
And honors allure thy fond mind?—
They often but render poor man more unblest,—
Little comfort in them canst thou find!
Then, away with thy wants. with thy pride quick
dispense,
'Twill be OMNE EADRM a hundred years hence!

Why, hoping and fearing in all thy pursuits,
And anxiously look'at for the morrow?
'Tis idle, and unto thee nothing it boots,—
But only encreaseth thy sorrow!
Then, hope not too much, with thy fears quick dispense,
'Twill be OMNE EADRM a hundred years hence!

TO THE ROSE.

How oft have lovers gaz'd on thee,
And told of all their extacy;
Tho't thee a sigh a lip, or cheek,
And fancied thee almost to speak,—
As thou did'st mind them of some fair,
Who, in thyself, was pictured there.
Ah! in this rapturous state of feeling,
The heart a heaven of beauty stealing,
They little dream'd, beneath thy charms,
A thorn was hid so full of harms,
Until too fondly thee caressing,
A wound it gave—the most distressing;
Evincing thus love's rosy smile,
Doth oft the bosom's peace beguile?

MELANCHOLY.

Away ! dread melancholy,
With all thy tho'ts unholy—
Whose fearful images disturb the mind,
Keeping its better powers confin'd :—
Back to thy drear abode,
There eat thy bitter food,—
Per, sure thy poisonous breath e'er blasteth all that's
good !
Now, no more, the heart appal,
Holding it in dreadful thrall ;
But, leave it free,
Cheerfully,
To beat to pleasure's heaven-approved call !

COME, GENTLE PEACE.

Come, gentle peace, O, make thy downy nest,
Within my troubled breast;
Dry up the constant, the consuming tear,
And calm mine every fear!

O, let me taste that life is pleasant, fair,
When free from wasting care;—
And, that it is most glorious, the while
Upon it thou dost smile!

Come, then, O, gentle peace, and bring
Sweet healings on thy wing;
And make thy lovely, happy, downy nest,
Within my troubled breast!

A FABLE.

A Butterfly, in gayest colors dress'd,
From flower to flower a boy delighted press'd :
On joyous wing the nimble creature flies,
As now he tho't to take it by surprise—
Just when a fragrant rose allur'd its taste ;
Then, next on daisy feeding, sweet repast !
Still it escaped his little wiley art,—
But smiling hope sustains his anxious heart :
At length, he saw it in a tulip hide,—
"I have thee now," in extacy he cried,
And rashly sprang, *crush'd it* ; and *it died* !

The moral this [and hence learn to be wise]
True moderation thou should'st ever prize ;
That pleasure is a painted Butterfly,
Embrac'd too eager in thy grasp, will die !

LINES

ON IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

Dost hear that grating hinge which seems the knell
Of human happiness,—whose sound comes deeply
Fraught with sufferings and woes !
'Tis from the jailor's door, that closes now
On some poor wretch, forlorn, whose only crime
Is debt :—and from whose power, misfortune, too
Has snatch'd the means to pay, perhaps, to griping
Avarice, the farthing uttermost !
Is there in christian lands no help for this ?
Then, shame—let burning shame parch up the cheek !

I'VE SEEN.

I've seen the rose, in all its beauty,
Op'ning to the sunny morn ;
Just so, the mind to soothing pity,
Pierced with care's rankling thorn !

But ah, how many shun the flower,
When lowly hangs its beauteous head ;
Obnoxious to unkindly power,
Too soon its every grace has fled !

**CONUNDRUM.**

I'm a friend to the wise and the great,
To the lowly am equally so ;
And tho' humble, I oft move in state,
And am blessed wherever I go !

I list to the cries of the poor,
And virtue calls me her sweet child ;
No sorrowing is heard at my door,
For love on my being first smil'd !

FASHIONABLE HONOR.

Go, drink and gamble, early, late,
Time and talents dissipate ;—
Keep your mistress, spurn at merit,
Evidence of noble spirit :
For this is — FASHIONABLE HONOR !

Go, seduce thy neighbor's wife,
Blast the sweets of wedded life ;
While the story of thy fame
Adds new lustre to thy name :
For this is—FASHIONABLE HONOR !

Go, betray thy plighted love,
Witness'd by the powers above ;—
Doom thy girl to infamy,
Then, smile at all her misery :
For this is—FASHIONABLE HONOR !

Next, pick a quarrel with thy friend,
And to him a challenge send ;
Ye've met ;—IT WAS A GLORIOUS PLAN !
Now can'st boast—I've kill'd my man !
Height of—FASHIONABLE HONOR !

THE TEAR.

I love to watch, when soft emotions steal
Upon the soul, the trembling tear, and note
Its little vagaries: how now, it seems
As gentle errand telling;—then, to
Retire, as tho' ashamed t' expose, unto
A disengenuous world, its loveliness!
'Till by repeated tenderness o'ercome,
It drops a gem of purest ray!
If there's a time to better feelings dear—
'Tis THIS, when every fibre of the heart's
Attun'd to liveliest, holiest sympathy!
SWEET TEAR! much dost thou grace the manly cheek,
And spread'st a heart-enrapturing lustre there:
Yes, nurs'd by kindest tho't thou speak'st the soul,
That e'er can feel another's joys or woes!

*Tho' I walk thro' the valley of the shadow of
Death, I will fear no evil ; for thou (my God)
art with me : Thy rod and thy staff, they
comfort me.*

Thus shall the CHRISTIAN ever sing,
Whose heart is fixed on heaven ;
Death can to him no terrors bring,
He feels his sins forgiven !

An inward peace his mind sustains,
And sweetly soothes his breast ;
Nor bound with satan's galling chains,
Unholy and unblest !

See him fulfil his works of love,—
How placid and serene ;
Nor virtue dare his deeds reprove,
Nor vice direct its spleen !

Like the unwearied sun, each day,
He presses on his course—
Still keeps in view the GLORIOUS WAY,
Of truth and joy the source !

His Saviour is his only hope,
And well he loves his law!
Whose GRACE shall bear his spirits up,
His feet from ill withdraw!

Thus—shall the CHRISTIAN ever sing,
Whose heart is fix'd on heaven;
Death can to him no terrors bring,
He feels his sins forgiven!



TEACH ME, O, GOD.

Teach me, O, God, thy sacred law,
And turn my heart to thee;
From evil ways my feet withdraw,
And thou my refuge be!

Spread o'er my soul thy bounteous grace,
Tune all its powers to love,
And feed it with thy righteousness—
That MANNA from above!

THE GOSPEL PREACHER.

His doctrine sound, on SACRED SCRIPTURE built,
His language flowing, dignified and plain;
His manner bland, affectionate, as tho'
He felt the truths he would have others feel :
Whilst on his tongue the sweetest accents hang,
And long, on his soft moving strains, the ear
Delight'st to dwell ; for, much they breathe of heaven !
In all the fervour of a pious heart,
On holy purpose bent !
At his reproof the sinner stands dismay'd,
And turns with awful dread, back on himself
His tho'ts ;—for then, the GOSPEL speaks
Its thunders for his guilt !
At his address, the CHRISTIAN feels his hopes
Revive ;—for then, the GOSPEL speaks,
Mild as the whispers of the vernal breeze,
In words benignant to his soul, and lifts
Him 'bove the world !
RELIGION, hail ! of origin divine !
Were but the spirit of thy ministers
Engag'd as his, then would thy reign extend,
And to thy shrine, DEVOTION, pure, enwrapt,
Her footsteps willing bend, imploring all
Thine aid :—since, nor ambition, nor

Unholy pride, would then usurp thy throne,
And bring disgrace upon thy SACRED CAUSE !
Long may *his* light with heavenly radiance shine,
To glory lead each wandering, ignorant soul !
And, O ! may he, in that eventful day,
When an assembled UNIVERSE shall stand
Before th' ALMIGHTY'S THRONE, rejoicing hear,
To him address'd, the ever blessed voice,—
WELL DONE THOU FAITHFUL ONE, COME AND ENJOY
THINE EVERLASTING REST !



FAITH GIVES US.

How great thy mercy, God of love,
To us poor sinful worms ;—
For, while thy justice must condemn,
FAITH gives us to thine arms !

Inspires the heart with holy joy,
And calms our mournful fears ;—
Ay, whatso'er our state may be,
'Tis LIGHT that ever cheers !

O THOU.

Loud roars the tempest o'er my head,
And would my breast alarm ;
O, THOU ! whose mighty arm can save,
Defend me from its harm !

Mine enemies in hosts arise,
Encompass me around,—
Devise their wicked, hellish ways,
And would my hopes confound !

My heart has ever sought for peace,
None have I tried to wrong ;
Nor envied my neighbor's good,
Nor spoke with evil tongue !

FATHER OF LOVE ! behold my ills,
My wounded spirit heal ;—
And may my causeless enemies
A smiting conscience feel !

WHOE'ER THOU ART.

Vain, stupid wretch, whoe'er thou art,
A slave to time and sense;
Who will not choose THAT BETTER PART—
A mortals' sure defence!

Then, go thy way, securely live
A reprobate to heaven;
Take all a fleeting world can give,
By lusts and passions driven!

But trembling hear thine awful doom,
With truth eternal seal'd;
More fearful than the deepest gloom,
Thy portion stands reveal'd!

Dread tho't! and can'st thou then forego
Salvation's holy theme;
And madly brave unending woe,
And call't an idle dream!

O, now withdraw thy wandering feet,
Ere comes the evil day;
And, thus a smiling Saviour meet,
Whose love shall be thy stay!

O, turn from thine iniquity,
For, saith the Lord, why wilt thou die?—
Come unto me, with sin opprest,
And I will give thy conscience rest!

*Be merciful unto me, O, God, be merciful unto
me ; for my soul trusteth in thee.*

Hast thou not spoken, O, my God,
That those, who trust in thee,
Shall taste thy gracious love, nor fall
A prey t' iniquity !

Hast thou not said the righteous e'er
Are precious in thy sight ;
And that the broken, contrite heart
Is ever thy delight !

Then, when reproaches of the vile
Would harm the righteous soul,
Thou wilt destroy their soul designs,
Their maddening rage controul !

Yea, like to stubble they shall burn,
In smoke consume away,
When, in the furnace of thy word
Is tried their wicked way !

ANTHEM.**PRAISE YE THE LORD.**

Praise ye the Lord ! strike the high sounding lyre,
While SONGS OF SALVATION your voices inspire !
Sing ! for the powers of darkness are broken,

And death and Apollyon no more shall enslave ;—
This truth blest, confirming the SAVIOUR hath spoken,
And beamings of hope pierce the night of the grave !

Praise ye the Lord ! strike the high sounding lyre,
While SONGS OF SALVATION your voices inspire !
Praise HIM, ye saints, who on earth now are dwelling,
And often have tasted the RICHES OF GRACE ;—
Ye sun, moon and stars, join the ANTHEM that's sweet
ling,
In glorious acclaim, to THE ANCIENT OF DAYS !

COME, RELIGION.

Come, RELIGION, heavenly maid,
Take the vows my heart would pay ;
Messenger of hope and joy,
Wilt thou ever with me stay !

Come, O, come, and sooth my anguish,
On thy bosom rest my head ;
Suffer me no more to languish,—
Round me all thy healings spread !

O, relieve my mind from fearing,
Teach me on my God to build
All of hope that's bright and cheering,
So—his law be well fulfilled !

And 'tis thus—tho' time is flying,
And this world seems poor and vain,—
All its scenes so dark and trying,
With thy grace, are heavenly gain !

THE BRIGHTEST HOPE.

'Tis not in wealth's vain glittering show
For which poor mortals often sigh ;
Nor yet in honor's shining train,
Does this transcendant blessing lie !

'Tis not in high ambition's aim,
Nor glories of a fading crown ;
Nor yet in pride, whose haughty eye
Would ever but itself disown !

'Tis not in pleasure's sparkling cup,
That wins ere touch'd the sickly taste ;
Nor yet in bowers of indolence,
Presenting but a flowery waste !

'Tis NOT ON EARTH—for earth's too mean,
With all its gifts THIS HOPE to move ;
But 'TIS IN HEAVEN—full there it blooms,
The OFFSPRING of immortal love !

THERE IS A JOY.

There is a joy that wakens in the heart,
Sweet as of fancy's dreaming :
'Tis when the eyes of one we love
Are fondly on us beaming !

And telling us, with all their varied looks,
How hard it is to sever ;
And that, with pure affection's glow,
Would love to gaze forever !

If there's a man who cannot feel this bliss,
With savage be his dwelling ;
Unknown to him the dear and generous breast,
With love and friendship swelling !

TO WOMAN.

O, much I love thee, **VIRTUOUS WOMAN!**—
 Thy graces spread a charm around the heart,
 And make me e'er thy friend,
 Thou art the joy—the ornament of life,
 And but for thee, no spell would bind to earth—
 For pleasure's all would be an empty name!
 Then let poor lordling man o'er thee claim sole
 Pre-eminence, and idly boast of more
 Exalted rank: indeed! in *all* thou art
 His equal quite; in *much* superior!
 Who loves with that true, fervid, chasten'd glow,
 Which still pursues thro' fortunes most adverse?—
 Who first in the sweet charities of life,
 Doth like some ministering spirit seem
 On goodly errand sent?—Who, in the hours
 Of sickness and of death, with weeping eyes,
 And anxious care, doth watch each look of pain,
 And ever seek some comfort to bestow?—
 Say, is it man?—No; 'tis too much for him;—
 He would forsake such trying scenes as these;
 Nor love, nor friendship scarce could draw him back!
 Who is it then—but lovely, matchless **WOMAN?**—
 The sympathising friend, companion dear,
 In whom is found **THE TRUEST EXCELLENCE!**

MELANCHOLY.

There is a melancholy that fills the mind
With pleasing, tenderest tho't ;—
Inspiring all the glow of sentiment,
With chasten'd feeling fraught !

But there's a poison hid beneath the sweet,
That swells to wretchedness—despair !
For, sipp'd too greedily, it taints the soul,
Despoiling it of all that's fair !
Then, ere too late, O, shun the witching spell,
Nor oft pursue,
With fond and raptur'd view,
Sweet melancholy to her haunted cell !

Me Reminisce, O, Cara Amice!

Forget me not, my charming friend,
'Till life's delusive dream shall end;
Ne'er with thy image will I part,
But press it ever to my heart:—
And should there one more happy be,
O, then, just breathe—a sigh for me!

**CÓNUNDRUM.**

I'm seen upon the trembling stream,
I oft inspire the poets dream;
And too, when happy lovers meet,
I ever make their joys more sweet!

TO MRS. —.

Dear songstress ! strike those notes again ;
Of winning, soul-felt grace possess'd,—
They flow like soft ethereal strain,
From golden harps of spirits blest !

They breathe such purity of soul,
Thou seem'st of more than mortal birth ;
While the wrapt mind, at thy controul,
Almost forsakes the bounds of earth !

When heavenly love is the pure theme,
That wakes thy rich and mellow voice,
Thy strains, more bright than fancy's dream,
Inspire the heart with chasten'd joys !

Dear songstress ! strike those notes again,
Of winning, soul-felt grace possess'd,—
They flow like soft ethereal strain,
From golden harps of spirits blest !

SONG
IN MANNER OF THE SCOTCH.



In Airy Fancy.

In airy fancy,
When I met my Nancy,
And fondly press'd her to my heart ;
How sweet the pleasure—
As I held this treasure,
And vowed I would never from it part !

But the rapt'rous minute,
Had but shadow in it,—
And quickly it did steal away !
Then all my gladness
Was turn'd to sadness,
As vainly urg'd her image dear to stay.

RES ILLAS AMO.

I love the BREAST—that kindly feels
For griefs which mortals know ;
I love the LIPS—whose accents e'er
The words of peace bestow.

I love the EYE—where pity's gem
Shines bright to every view ;
'Tis richer than the ruby's blaze,
Or diamond's sparkling hue.

I love the FORM—that flies to aid,
Human'ty's suff'ring cause ;
Encirc'd with transcendant grace,
Of virtue meet applause !

I love APOLLO'S THRILLING STRAINS,
And SAPPHO'S LYRIC AIR ;—
For, these can wake the soul of bliss,
And spread enchantment there !

THE MOTHER.

See, what tenderness and care,
Unwearied she bestows
On that dear pledge of virtuous love,
To hush its little woes !

Both day and night, her anxious tho't
Attends its every cry ;
Scarce knows she rest, but constant sings
The soothing lullaby !

If now it plains—a mother's voice—
Its little mind can charm ;
And on her tender bosom laid,
It feels secure from harm !

A MOTHER !—'tis a sacred name,
The veriest wretch adores ;
And to the God of nature praise,
Who made THIS BLESSING ours.

TO HEALTH.

O, HEALTH, thou sacred boon of heaven,
Whose influence such peace bestows;
Come, bless me with thy choicest store,
Until this mortal scene shall close.

Whate'er of beauty, pleasure, wealth,—
Owes unto thee its charming power;
For, at thy smile the fluttering heart
Rejoices in life's sunny hour!

Descend, imparadise the soul,—
Without thyself all earth how vain;
Around thee blooming joys e'er spring,
So cheering is thy gentle reign!

THERE IS A CHARM.

There is a charm in woman's eye,
A spell that gives delight,
And soothes the sternest, roughest breast,
And wins—forever bright !

'Tis sweet to feel its lovely power,
When with affection beaming ;
The zest of life—the beauteous light,
O'er earth's dull scene that's gleaming !

O, 'tis the soul of all that's fair,
Of finer, better feeling ;—
A grace of matchless influence,
As o'er the mind when stealing !

AND WHAT IS BEAUTY.

And what is beauty—but a flower,
That withers in one little hour;
A wandering star of playful light,
That breaks upon th' enraptur'd sight,
And then—is gone forever!

And what is beauty—but the bow
Of Iris, where rich colors glow:
A gen. of poor mortality,
That shines awhile so lustrously;
And then—is gone forever!

And what is beauty—but the grace
Of soul, that blossoms in the face,
Which speaks a mind, a heart that's fair;
A much of heaven dwelling there;
And then it stays forever!

MISFORTUNE.

Behold that pallid, woeful form
Which moves with slow, disorder'd pace,
MISFORTUNE—is her fearful name,
Sore dreaded by the human race !

She comes—and round her mournful head
Afflictions weave their cypress crown ;
While from her inmost breast is sent
A hollow, murmuring, piteous moan !

The robe of grief is her attire,
Her footsteps marked with dismay :
And horrors, from her threat'ning hand,
An awful, blasting scene display !

She breathes—the air is taint with woes ;
She speaks—and nature feels her voice !
And in her hated presence die
The blooming roses of our joys !

Not still, tho' evil seems her reign,
And death and hell shoot from her eye ;
Good often flows from her dark hand,
And greater comfort doth supply.

She comes to humble human pride,
The follies of the mind remove :
To raise the eye of faith to heaven,
And virtues of the heart to prove !

SO, THY LIFE.

Turn thou from thy evil ways,
Ask of God his bounteous grace,
So, thy life shall fairer shine,
As adorn'd with things divine !

Then, what comfort shalt thou know,
Tho' a pilgrim here below ;
Joyful looking to the skies,
Where thy BLESSED SAVIOUR is !



OF ENEMIES.

Learn of thy enemies to know thyself ;
They often speak to their own harm,
E'en when they think to do thee greatest ill ;
Thus, in despoit, become thy veriest friends !

Addressed to a celebrated Preacher.

Stranger! though a wicked world,
 With scoffing vile surround thee;
 Still may'st thou keep that heavenly course,
 Where faith and love have found thee!

And long with holy fervour do
 The works of righteousness;
 And to the careless sinner shew
 The only way to peace!

Fear not the wretched deeds of men,
 Who for their spite select thee;
 Thy God will shield thee from their harm,
 And in his cause protect thee!

Remember thy GREAT MASTER bore,
 Of sinners, foul reproaches,
 So, to this day, e'en fares the soul,
 Which nearer him approaches!

Stranger! tho' a wicked world,
 With scoffings vile surround thee;
 Still may'st thou keep that heavenly course,
 Where faith and love have found thee!

THE PHARISEE'S PRAYER.

O, God, I thank thee, I am not
Unjust as others be ;
For, well I feel my soul can boast
Of greater purity !

**THE PUBLICAN'S PRAYER.**

O, God, my conscience smites me sore ;
A sinner, wretch, undone ;
O, shed thy mercy on my soul,
Now pleading at thy throne ;



THE CONTRAST.

VIRTUE.

THIS surely leads to happiness below ;
THIS is the antidote to every woe ;
THIS to the mind immortal hope supplies,
Points it rejoicing to its native skies !

VICE.

THIS is the base of happiness below ;
THIS the curs'd messenger of every woe ;
THIS sinks the mind with evils dire oppress'd,
And HERE and EVERY WHERE destroys its rest !

THE DRUNKARD.

Go—self-polluted, loathsome wretch,
Thou scourge of human kind ;
Go—waste thy substance, and thy health,
And brutalize thy mind !

Go—haunt the taverns, night and day,
Thus spend the time in vain ;
Go—league thyself with every vice,
And barter peace for pain !

Go—live accurst to social joys,
'Till life a burthen is,
Go—court disease, and death, and shame,
Then mock thy miseries !

Go—like a demon to thy home,
Destroy all comfort there ;
And from thy sorrowing family
Wring out the bitter tear !

Enough ! enough ! if aught remains
Of virtue in thy soul,—
Forsake thy folly-maddening course,
And spurn the TREACHEROUS BOWL !

ADDRESS TO GOLD.

ALI-RULING TYRANT of the earth,
Frail tenant of the dust,
'Twas SORDID LOVE first gave thee birth;
And rend'red thee accurst;

And yet, how many seek thy ways,
Forsaking truest peace;
And vainly think thy bounteous grace
Can give them happiness!

They only joy but when thou smil'st;
And can thy trapping wear:
Still the poor heart thou e'er beguil'st,
And leav'st a vacance there!

Thou mak'st the tender maiden sigh,
Dream her whole soul is—LOVE;
So thy dear splendors charm her eye,
Her fluttering pulses move!

And too, the torch of Hymen shine—
A brighter, lovelier flame,
As fancied blessings sweetly twine
Around the WEDDED NAME!
But let thee with thy gifts depart,
And then how sad—how droops the heart.

THE GLASS.

In these degen'rate days, alas!
'Tis horrid to relate,
How many prove
Their faithless love—

THE GLASS,
And madly urge their fate!
Dreaming so to lighten care,
Plunge in depths of dark despair;
Where ten thousand horrors reign,
Torturing the distemper'd brain!

Behold that youth! belov'd he was,
Now withering in his bloom;
And whilst he'd prove
His faithless love—

THE GLASS,
Precures an early tomb!
For dim the radiance of his eye,
That sparkled once with beams of joy;
Closing now in dreary night,
Virtue weeping at the sight!

The man of sober years, alas!

Whose morals should be pure;

See him, to prove

His wretched love—

THE GLASS,

On evils rush most sure!

For soon the train of fell disease

On him remorselessly shall seize;

The light of heaven irksome grow,

To fill the measure of his woe!

See, those tottering wretches pass,

Trembling like to palsied age;

Ah! they would prove

Their greatest love,—

THE GLASS,

And war with reason wage!

Now anguish wounds them with its stings,

And life to them no comfort brings,

Their peace of mind forever gone,

To honor, shame, and sense undone!

PRIDE.

PRIDE! thou boastful, tinsel'd thing,
What the blessings thou can'st bring;
What the glories of thy reign,
What thy votaries' promis'd gain?—

Full of jealousies thy spirit,
Hater thou of humble merit;
Honor, friendship, truth and love,
Oft thy **SACRIFICES** prove!

Moral beauties e'er depart,
When thou rulest in the heart;
Making men to duty blind,
As thy follies seize the mind!

Go, forsake thy empty vaunting,
Swelling words, and idle taunting;
Throw thy useless splendors by,
Cleanse thee from depravity!

WOT YE NOT.

WOT YE NOT—that time is flying,
Stealing all the charms of youth;
WOT YE NOT—that we are dying.
Every hour, momentous truth!

WOT YE NOT—that sense allures us,
Doth our better part degrade;
WOT YE NOT—that death insures us
Dread eternity display'd!

WOT YE NOT—we should be striving
'Gainst deceitful vanities;
WOT YE NOT—we should be living
For a world where GLOBY is!

WOT YE NOT—religion showeth,
That the righteous are at rest;
WOT YE NOT—the sinner goeth
To a place by wrath unblest!

Then, let's forsake ensnaring sin,
And thus renewed lives begin;
Preparing for that BLEST ABODE,
Fill'd with the presence of our God!

TO A SEDUCER.

Curst Wretch ! behold that wasted form,
The form of her who once was fair ;
Whose heart with every virtue warm,
'Till won by thee, was free from care !

Thou plightedst her thy solemn vow,
That thou wouldst give her wedded name ;
And she, all truth, did then bestow
On thee, her confidence and fame !

But thou, most vile, didst ne'er intend,
Else than betray a gen'rous heart ;
By wiles to sanctify the friend—
And give to innocence the smart !

I've heard her call thee, villain, base !
While beam'd her eye with frenzied look ;—
Then clasp her babe with fond embrace,
And murmur out, " undone, forsook !"

Go fiend, and boast thy hellish deed,
Proclaim it in thy circles gay ;
And when thou feel'st of mercy need,
Go, if thou canst, for mercy pray.

OF FORGIVENESS.

Would'st thou wish to be forgiven
Thy offences against heaven ;
Then, let thy fellow mortal live,
And his offences first forgive !

Pursue him not with cruel hate,
Nor mercy deign to show,
For failings which poor man beset,
And on his nature grow !

Oh ! were our God as strict to mark
Iniquities as we—
Where could th' offending mortal stand,
From retribution flee ?

In vain his anxious, dreadful call,
That mountains on his head might fall,
To hide him from HIS piercing view,
Who looks the heart—CREATION thro' !

Is there no balm in Gilead.

Stay, mourner, tell me, why those constant tears,
Why shakes thy breast with such alarming fears ;
Why o'er thy head such mighty sorrows roll,
And plunge in grief, o'erwhelming, all thy soul !

Can there no BALM IN GILEAD be found—
To heal thy broken heart, bind up thy wound ;
O'er thy wan cheek healths' blooming roses spread,
And save thee from th' unknown, forgotten dead !

Oh ! kind enquirer, little dost thou know,
How sunk within my breast the depths of woe ;
How long, how oft this SOVEREIGN GOOD I've sought
On THIS to build my fondest hopes have tho't !

Ah ! I perceive that SIN is thy disease,
'Tis THIS unholy which disturbs thy peace ;
Hold'st thee, each day, and every passing hour,
A sad, unhappy victim to its power.

Cease, mourner, cease thy unavailing plaint,
Go, seek aright, nor let thy purpose faint ;
Hope shall return, and with it rest to thee,
For thou shalt find this SOVEREIGN REMEDY !

The GREAT PHYSICIAN THIS to thee shall give,
And bid thee GO, AND SIN NO MORE, AND LIVE ;
While o'er thy MORAL FRAME it will extend,
And all thy sorrows—and thy pains shall end !

*Behold the eye of the Lord is upon them
that fear him—that trust in his mercy.*

Why, oft our mournful plaints arise,
Ah! who will shew us any good;
What shall rejoice our aching eyes,
And give our souls SUBSTANTIAL FOOD?—

We try the world, and cannot find
Ought but a dread vacuity;
Still feels unsatisfied the mind,
And hope has no security!

There's nought but doubts and cruel fears,
Perplexing every path we tread;
While down our cheeks roll bitter tears,
And sorrows bow the weary head!

Ah! where on earth shall we repose,
How gain the knowledge of our peace;
Oh! what our bleeding wounds shall close,
Make all our painful strivings cease!

Behold! on them who fear the Lord,
His eye in love and mercy shines;
They ever trust his gracious word,
Which speaks a pardon for their sins!

Then cease, O, cease our mournful cries—
Ah! who will shew us any good;
Or, what shall bless our aching eyes,
Or, give our souls SUBSTANTIAL FOOD!

*Why art thou sad, O, my soul, and why
art thou disquieted within me ?*

Whence, whence those fears that shake my breast,
Whence my unhappiness ;
Am I of every joy bereft,
Is there for me no peace ?

Am I, poor wretched mortal, given
The sport of every blast ;
By passion's tempest tost and driven,
And find no hold that's fast ?—

Is not on me the pitying eye,
Of heaven ever turn'd ;
And must I miserable die,
By every comfort spurn'd ?

Shut out from all my heart holds dear,
A prey to constant grief,
In silence drops the burning tear,
And anguishes relief !

The day doth mark my wearied life,
The night fills up the same ;
O, when shall end this dreadful strife,
And misery cease its gloim !

Whence, whence those fears that shake my breast,
Whence my unhappiness;
Am I of every joy bereft,
Is there for me no peace?—

O God, thou know'st I would do right,
And that I strive to do;—
Then, why should darkness shroud my sight,
And cruel doubts pursue?

Come, O, my soul, let's now commune,—
Is there no wrong within?
Yes; 'tis thy lusts that weigh thee down,
Defil'd and sunk in sin!

Then give, O, God, in mercy give
To me a heart that's clean;
So shall I to thy glory live,
While on thy grace I lean!

Then, shall I taste that happiness,
Which long I've sought in vain;
And all thy blessings ever bless,
And peace with me remain?

A PARAPHRASE.

Ah ! could we pierce the darkness of the tomb,
Raise the mysterious curtain of the grave,
We should be lost in dread, in mute astonishment,
T' behold what those are now—amazing change,
Who once were clothed with mortality !
How should we start, while fearful awe would mingle
With our grief, to see how low, debas'd,
Within the regions of the dead, our ruin'd
Nature lies !—to vile corruption join'd !—
Here is the sweet and winning countenance,
That once was grac'd with such attractive smiles ;
And now doth grin a ghastly naked skull !
Here too, the eye, that once outshone the diamond's
Glittering ray, as round the heart its lovely
Lightnings play'd ;—alas ! where is it now,—
Where shall the rolling sparkle now be found ?
All, all these beaming glories are eclips'd !
Here, too, the tongue, that once in such harmonious
Accents flow'd, hath now, in this strange land,
Its cunningness forgot !
Where now those strains of sweetest melody,
That once did fall upon th' enraptur'd ear,
And move delight ?
Where that persuasive flow, which could our reason
Almost lead astray, and chain the mind ?—
Where, where the charms of language and of song ?—
All, all is still !—

Ye tenants of the grave, what is the world
To you—its pomps, its pleasures, vanities!
Who, in your beds of dust, are swiftly mould'ring
Into native clay—and dwell with worms!
What is't to you, whose brows were circled once,
With all the splendors of the diadem;—
As menial thousands trembl'd at your nod?
Or what to you who sought the miser's store;
And built your hopes of happiness thereon?
Honor and wealth no longer your pursuit,
And pleasures woo, and beauty shines in vain!
For death has shot his sure unerring dart,
Your race is run, and time's to you no more!

*He who is forgiven much, will love
much.*

When he, who sank in deeps of sin,
Shall feel how great his woe,
And penitence his pardon seals,
Then greater love shall know:
More warm his zeal, more pure his praise,
For riches of redeeming grace!
Nor shall he more run folly's course,
But follow things of peace;
E'er thank his bounteous God, who took
Away his wretchedness!

*The ways of God are not as Man's
ways.*

Ye've heard the thunder's mighty crash,
As tho' creation would in ruins fall ;
And seen the fork lightning's hurl their rage
On some tall oak's majestic, towering head !

Ye've heard the whirlwinds' dreadful howl,
When desolation mark'd its awful course ;
Seen on its wings black storms and tempests ride,
In gloomy pomp of elemental war !

And, too, the billowy ocean pile
Its mountainous waves on waves, that lash'd the skies ;
Whilst some poor mariner, with fear aghast,
Beholds destruction in the gulph below !

THE WAYS OF GOD ARE NOT AS MAN'S ;
He speaks—and nature trembles at his voice ;
The storms and tempest go at his command,
And ministering angels wait upon his throne !

Then, O, vain, boasting man !
From these things learn how poor and weak thou art,
That, all thy strength is but of power the shade ;—
And bow thee down before th' ALMIGHTY ONE !

LO! WINTER COMES.

Lo! WINTER comes with all his northern gloom
Of clouds and storms to rule the changeful year;
His cold, pale hand withering creations bloom,—
And desolation marks his stern career!

Now o'er the hills he sweeps with howling rage,
Icicles depending from his hoary brow;
And on his steps attends his blustering page—
Rude Boreas, who whirls in eddyng snow!

Summer his chilling frosty breath has fled,
The babbling streams are bound with icy chain;
The feathered choristers are mute with dread,
And cheerfulness departs the white rob'd plain!

Lo, winter comes! and now ye happy few,
Who sharing heaven's innumerable gifts, do taste,
Of life, its comforts, hear when th' needy sue,
Nor let your souls be too a wintery waste!

Think of your social hearths, and smiling homes,
Where peace descends with every blessing dear;
Then should imploring want for mercy come,
Restrain ye not the noble pitying tear!
While CHARITY, with her own deeds repaid,
Shall grant to penury and distress her aid!

Both Small and Great are There.

GO youth, who now rejoyceth in thy bloom,
Draw back the awful curtain of the tomb,
Behold! what ghastly forms of death appear,—
Reflect! both small and great are mould'ring there

Go too, ye gay, so prodigal of life,
Who in the midst of wanton pleasures rife;
Doth not the scene now check thy fond career?
Reflect! both small and great are mould'ring there!

Go ye, whom thousand smiling hopes inspire,
Whose bosoms glow with many a new desire;
Soon will the grave their emptiness declare!
Reflect! both small and great are mouldering there!

Go ye, whom wild ambition leads astray;
Who would immortalize your little day;
Sunk in the grave your works will disappear,
Reflect! both small and great are mouldering there!

COME, LET US BOW.

Come, let us bow, with pious awe,
Before th' Almighty's throne,—
And humbly sue for pardoning love,
As we our vileness own !
So shall our labouring souls be free,
From bonds of sore iniquity !

God loves the heart that gladly seeks
The knowledge of his ways ;
Hears all its moans, and soothes its pains
With healings of his grace !—
O, hence—what joys inspire the breast,
And make us, weary pilgrims blest !

Now, swell the numbers of our praise,
To him who reigns on high ;
For, to the mourning penitent,
His peace is ever nigh !—
Nor death, nor hell, with all their dread,
Can terrors round the CHRISTIAN spread !

BENEATH THE SUN.

My days have few and evil been—
 'Twas thus the Patriarch said ;
 Conceilv'd in sorrow, and in sin,
 By follies oft betray'd !

I've witness'd all beneath the sun,
 How transitory, vain ;
 There's nothing new, as years roll on,
 To cheer the sons of men !

For good unknown the heart e'er pants,
 Disturb'd with fresh desires ;
 Nor things of sense can still its wants,
 Nor quench its restless fires !

Like raging seas of passions rise,
 And toss us too and fro ;
 While our poor barque of frailties,
 Can scarce support our woe !

Then when shall hope her anchor rest,
 And fix the driven mind ;
 And weigh the troubles of the breast,
 And peaceful haven find ?

Behold'st that sweet resplendant form,
 With glory circl'd round ;
 She points beyond the wrathful storm
 Where rest can sure be found !
 RELIGION is the heavenly maid,
 With TRUTH and LOVE, and PEACE array'd !

FAITH IS THE SOUL OF.

Faith is the soul of **CHRISTIAN LOVE**,
That precious boon of God,
Which sanctifies our virtues here,
And sheds their grace abroad.

'Tis **THIS** supports the contrite heart,
When moral guilt alarms;
'Tis **THIS** which triumphs over sin,
And death of stings disarms!

Faith is the soul of **CHRISTIAN LOVE**,
Our better hopes sustains—
And opes the portals of the sky,
Where God, the Saviour, reigns!

M *

IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID.

Hark !—the soothing strain !
The HOLY GOSPEL sounds ;
Struck from the chords of love divine,
In beauty, grace abounds !

Hark !—the soothing strain !
How sweet it strikes the ear ;
'Tis milder than cherubic song,
Dispelling every fear !

Hark ;—the soothing strain !
When numerous ills arise,
And press upon the trembling heart,
Thy saving strength supplies !

Hark !—the soothing strain !
How sweet it strikes the ear ;
'Tis milder than cherubic song,
Dispelling every fear ;

COME AWAY, MY LOVE.

Come away, my love,
And shun the noisy crowd ;
True pleasure never blossom'd there,
Nor yet affection paid what it had vow'd !

Come away, my love,
Heed not the senseless praise,
Which foplings pay to woman dear,
And on her charms do but unworthy gaze.

Come away, my love,
And to his bosom flee,
Who hates the world's vain giddy scenes,
And would forever fondly live for thee !

TO A SLANDERER.

Avaunt, thou fiend !
Nor hither bend
Thy dark mischievous way !
Black, as th' infernal gulph, thy mind
Where damued spirits are confin'd,
And ne'er for mercy pray !

• To thee most dear,
Pain'd virtue's tear !
All evil glads thine eyes !
Thy sweetest music is the groan
Of some poor wretch, by thee undone,
Who sinks beneath thy lies !

• Thou can'st not sleep,
Till others weep,
O'er virtuous name destroy'd !
This to thy soul is maddening bliss—
The food of all thy happiness,
Than life more priz'd, enjoy'd !

Avaunt, thou fiend !
Nor hither bend
Thy dark mischievous way !
Destruction tips thy slanderous tongue,
And poisons from thy heart are wrang ;
Accursed one, away !

WHO WHEN.

Who, when the brow is furrow'd o'er with care,
And weary tho't keeps painful vigils there,
Can save the heart thus sinking to despair—
A WIFE!

Who, in the hours of sicknesses and pains,
The drooping head with constant love sustains,
And mid the mournful scene still firm remains—
A WIFE!

Whose is that sweet and hope-inspiring smile,
That can misfortune of its stings beguile,
And mitigate the sharpest woe the while—
A WIFE'S!

Who, when the bosom is illum'd with peace,
And dearest tho'ts our contemplations bless,
Exults to see the reign of happiness—
A WIFE!

Whose converse dear, to social life gives zest,
Improves the mind, refines the roughest breast,
Still to our faults is kind, with love imprest—
A WIFE'S!

Whose tender voice can sooth the pang of death,
And almost too arrest the fleeting breath,
O'er the dread moment steals like song of faith!
A WIFE'S!

PARODISIAICAL.

To laugh, or not to laugh—that's the question?
 Whether 'tis wiser, with countenance sorrowful
 And sad, to run the risque of frightening all
 You meet; or now and then with a *ha! ha!*
 The burthen'd heart to ease, when sore oppress'd
 By all the numerous ills that flesh is heir to!
But to laugh—to shake off the forbidding gloom—
 This dreadful heritage of care, that oft
 Doth press upon us—*ah! there's the rub!*
 And to encounter needing all our energies!
True, 'tis a state devoutly to be wish'd;—
But then to laugh—when the poor heart is sad,
 [And this may be the case] is mockery
 Of woe!—and hence what good will come?—
'Tis worthy pause!—
Here's the respect—that oft doth make our laughing,
Idle—vain!—out—stepping all propriety!—
 A despite to our feelings! for who can bear
 The frequent bursts of merriment, struck
 To the harmony of *ha! ha! ha's!* when his own soul
 Is fill'd with thousand griefs, and sicklied o'er
 With a drear cast of tho't?—'twould ill agree;—
 As strings discordant to each other ne'er.
 Respond:—Say is it then befitting to attempt

*What scarce within is felt?—hence to succeed
Is dangerous chance ; and should be doubly weighed !
Haply it might end well—and ha ! ha ! ha's !
Light up a smile on visage pale and wan !
But such a dread uncertainty is there,
Endeavors e'en might lose the very name,
And all be lost in the extremity !*



CAN LOVE.

Can love once faded bloom again,
And catch the bosom's sigh ;
'Gain freshen'd, on the heart remain,
And fill the beaming eye !

No ! faded once, 'tis ever gone,
Like sweet and lovely flower ;
Or, like the turtle's tender moan,
Just heard at evening hour !

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship ! whom bards in golden days have sung,
And told of all thy joys as wrapt, divine ;
Where now on earth hast thou thy fair abode,
Secure from sordid interest and strife ?

I sought thee once with love as fervid, pure,
As e'er did glow within a virgin's breast ;
And in a moment of extatic view,
Thought I had caught a glimpse of thy dear form !

Ah ! 'twas a spirit visioned in light,
But dark and fearful, treacherous did it prove ;
That mock'd the miseries of my trusting heart,
And grin'd a smile of horrible import !

'Twas SELF, in shape of thee, who base assumes
Thy love-wrought robe of tenderest sympathies ;
Gaius first the yearnings of the feeling soul,
Then to its meanness immolates its worth :

Friendship ! where virtue has no genial home
Thou can'st not live ; and men are wicked—vile !
Then, here on earth hast thou thy fair abode ?
No ; Heaven can only be thy dwelling place !

NOVEL READING.

Law!—said Miss Pert, I'm fond of novels' reading—
They tell such pretty stories 'bout poor lovers;
How t' indulge the sacred flame that's burning,
While on the lips the heart delighted hovers!

'They'll hie away to lonely, sweet retreat,
Lest some stern parent should *their loves* quite chasten;
Then, O, what thrilling raptures do they feel,
As to each others' arms they fondly hasten!

And how, at length, they run away, get married,
With all the charming things that 'wait such doing;
Then, how on wings of blisses fled the hours—
Delicious hours of *billing*, and of *cooing*!

Next,—how the old and foolish, angry parent
Threatens no more to see his *wiser* daughter;
Swears to disown her—give her not a penny;—
Enough! enough! to make one die with laughter!

For, I do scorn all rules of worldly prudence:—
O, Lud! at their vile stuff I'm really shocked;
Who'd care for paltry gold in those sweet cases,
Where VENUS' DOVES most lovingly are yoked!

Thus talk'd Miss Pert, *dear, sentimental creature*,
Without one feeling e'er to nature true;
And sicken'd with the treasures of her nonsense,
I left her reading—WERTER'S SORROWS THRO'.

A BURLESQUE.

Forth from the chambers of the east,
Aurora, harbinger of day,
With pearly rays adorn'd the west,
And brush'd the duski'd shades away :
While thus anon,
Awoke the dawn,
In smiles upon the velvet lawn.

The morn was sweet ; his early song
The lark was pouring from his throat ;
Sweet harmony ! the groves, among,
Responsive caught the cheering note :
Instinctive praise,
In warbling lays,
That animate creation pays !

Old Time, in rapture, ceas'd his wing,
And stopp'd to view the lovely scene ;
Whose beauty smil'd eternal spring—
All nature looked so serene :
A blissful hour !
Some holy power
Around its blessings seem'd to pour !

But rise, my Muse, too long delay'd,
A nobler flight to thee belongs ;
Of Sylvia sing, angelic maid,
Who fired the raptured poet's songs ;

More wonderful fair
Does she appear,
Than all those morning glories were !

Her lovely eyes of witching blue ;
Her mouth where nameless graces dwell ;
That bosom—ah ! who dares to view
Its soft and gently rising swell :
Love of the swains,
Pride of the plains,
She's just stepp'd out—to feed the hens !

PERRY'S VICTORY.

See them meeting,
Dreadful greeting,
And for carnage fierce prepare,—
[The Eagle and the Lion there]
Now, the cannon's awful roar,
Runs along th' affrighted shore ;
Hear ! the groans of wounded, dying !
See ! the scatter'd foe are flying !
While the sons of freedom cry—
VICTORY!—O ! VICTORY !

YE FOOLS AND ASSES.

Out!—out!—*ye fools and asses*,
Bred up in college classes;
Ye've gotten all you know by rote,
And vilely sing another's note!
Away!—nor plague me with your stuff;
I hate your dullness, go! enough!
I hate what e'er ye do admire,
Who have no spark of NATURE'S FIRE!

And, dare ye, blockheads, claim
With genius kindred name;
And in your wisdom, e'er presume
The world of science to illumine;
Pronounce what's *right* in *this* or *that*,
Or *wrong*, abiding your fiat?—
Go!—go!—I say, no more aspire,
Who have no spark of NATURE'S FIRE!

Go, meddling, pestering fools,
Tied down to musty rules;
Tell, if ye can, that *two* is *two*—
The most ye surely well can do;
And haply, then, with gold in purse,
On sons of merit pour your curse!
Begone!—no more my patience tire,
Who have no spark of NATURE'S FIRE!

Away! ye see
To those of w
Take counsel
Where sweet
There both y
No more shal
Avant!—ye
Who have no

BLESS, C

Bless, gracious G
With all thy fa
Here may the pra
As once on Zio
For happy shall t
Who bow th' ado

Their sons shall l
Their country
Their daughters,
In every grace
While num'rous
Their peaceful b

A YOUNG PHYSICIAN.

A young Physician,
 Just fledg'd from Esculapian college,
 With head brim full of knowledge,
 Was journeying round with all his healing store,
 Of Boluses and Pills, a few score ;
 Most heartily wishing,
 That he might find some place,
 Where, with skill and grace,
 He honestly could get a living,—
 And be in way of what the world calls thriving,
 And so it chanc'd, as on his journey going,
 Not knowing,
 How, in *propia per.* to introduce himself;
 He met a witty elf,
 And told him his sore quere !
 Pooh ! pooh ! said he, don't fear ye !
 Where'er ye go,
 To let the people know
 Your great and dread vocation !
 Be sure to take your station,
 Where ducks are plenty,
 And I will bet you odds to twenty,
 They soon will ascertain the world your *smack*,
 By always crying—QUACK ! QUACK ; QUACK !

*O, ye Generation of Vipers, who hath
warned ye to flee from the wrath to
come ?*

Do then your guilty fears alarm your souls,
Shake you with sore dismay !—cannot the world
Shut out the voice of all your crying sins,
And give you rest ; but conscience, like a ghost
Perturb'd, must still your footsteps haunt, and bode
Things horrible and strange ! 'tis well I say :
But who, ye vip'rous, unregen'rate race,
Ye hypocrites accurs'd ! hath warned you
To flee from the dread wrath to come ! behold !
How vile ye are ! and think not thus on heaven
By arts deceptive to impose ! first bring
Ye forth the fruits for blest repentance meet !
Then shall ye live—then shall your troubling sins
Be truly blotted out, and peace, so much
Desir'd, descend with healings on her wings !

LINES,

*Suggested on beholding the Tomb of an
unfortunate Young Lady.*

Sleep on, Malvina ! thy gentle spirit now
Is freed from this world's vanities and lies ;
Thy virtues were too brilliant here to shine,
And soon thou fledst to thy kindred skies !

Who would have thot' a heart so pure as thine—
So grac'd with all that renders mortal dear,
Could else than bless thee with sincerest friends
Who would have priz'd thine every smile or tear !

But so it was—a bitter foe pursu'd,
Who wrung thy heart with many a painful sigh,
And seem'd like howling spirits of the damn'd,
To feel no joy but in thine agony.

Full well he knew thy virtuous soul disdain'd
The specious libertine with all his art ;
And then, because he could not win thy love,
He hurl'd at thee dread slander's ven'mous dart !

Sleep on, Malvina ! thy gentle spirit now
Is freed from this world's vanities and lies ;
And when th' Archangel's trump shall burst the tomb,
Thou in immortal glories shalt arise !

ROSE MEMORIA, QUE SEMEL, VIRIS HONORISSIMI
ILLIUS DIGNISSIMIQUE, J. MONROE, U. S. A. PRÆ-
SIS, MANIBUS TENEBATUR; ET SALEMNIENSI,
MASS. JULII OCTO, A. D. MDCCCXVIII, DATUSQUE
H. C. DOMINE,

Yes, LOVELY ROSE ! I'll keep thee still,
Tho' all thy glory soon shall fade ;
Thou'lt mind me what thou once hast been,
To thee what honor once was paid !

When fair, thou'dst caught his gracious eye,
Who rules Columbia's favor'd land !
Immortal now shall be thy fame,
Since held in PRESIDENTIAL HAND !

Can'st thou Love me, my Fair.

Can'st thou love me, my fair,

Now the rose on my cheek is all faded ;
And the cold hand of time has frosted my hair,
And the beauty of youth is all shaded?—

Can'st thou love me, my fair,

And love me as fondly as ever ?

O, come to my bosom then, while I declare—
My heart shall be thine, love, forever !

For, surely, my fair,

Tho' the rose on my cheek is all faded,
And the cold hand of time has frosted my hair,
The grace of the heart time never yet shaded !

It is not good that Man should be alone.

When o'er dark chaos awful mov'd
The GREAT, OMNIFIC WORD;
And man a living soul became,
Was made creation's Lord!

And blooming Eden teem'd for him,
With nature's sweetest grace,
He look'd around,—but still sighed
For further happiness!

Again went forth th' Almighty's word,
Creative from his throne,
Declaring, sure it is not good,
That man should be alone!

Then, from his plastic hands strait came
A being heavenly fair;
Whose voice was LOVE, whose smile was JOY,
In charms beyond compare!

And WOMAN—was this being call'd!
Companion, friend of man!
The last, the fairest, brightest work,
In nature's wondrous plan!

TO THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

Come, bless me with thyself,
I seek not sordid pelf;
Thyself art richer far
Than thousand rubies are!
My bosom glows with purest love,
My passion, dear one, then approve!

'Tis not thy person's charms,
That raise such fond alarms:
Thy sweet and speaking eye,
Where nestling cupids lie!
No! 'tis the beauty of thy soul,
Which throws such lustre o'er the whole!

Thy rich and lovely mind,
With virtue fair enshrin'd;
Which can both nature, art adore,
And charm the social hour!
These are the riches I admire,
Which give thee all my soul's desire!

But dearer than they all
Thy noble heart I call;
Hence, purest feelings tell
Thy gentle bosom's swell!
All these do make thee richer far
Than thousand sparkling rubies are!

SONG.

*THEN YE CAN TELL.*

Have ye not heard the moaning wind,
When passing thro' a leafless grove;
Then ye can tell how feels the heart,
That sighs to meet its only love !

Have ye not heard a plaintive strain,
Almost might angel spirits move ;
Then ye can tell how feels the heart,
That sighs to meet its only love !

Have ye not heard, at evening tide,
The plainings of the LONELY DOVE;
Then ye can tell how feels the heart,
That sighs to meet its only love !

AND WHAT IS HAPPINESS.

And what is happiness,
 That mortals struggle oft so hard to gain ;
 And fill their souls with weariness,
 And from the point still distant as at first remain ?

Is it a thing of sense,
 Made up of thousand wild indulgencies ?
 Sure there is nought from hence ;
 That can unto the sad and restless heart give ease !

'Tis the absence of pain,
 When rankling cares nor ills disturb the breast ;
 Or, does it bloom in pleasure's train,
 Which promises so fair to make its votaries blest ?

Is it of learning's store,
 And found where science sheds her splendid light ;
 Or, in the busy, lonely hour,
 Or, reveries by day, and airy dreams by night ?—

THIS IS NOT HAPPINESS

Which blessed smiles o'er life's drear, troubl'd scene ;
 'Tis DUTY DONE—all must confess,
 And may be truly call'd—A CONSCIENCE CALM
 SERENE !

TELL ME, ZEPHYR.

Tell me, Zephyr, on thy wing,
What's that little trembling thing,
Which so beauteous appears,
Like a pearly gem of tears?
Should my guesses rightly prove,
It must be the CHILD OF LOVE!
Hush! I'll tell the verily,
It is—it is DEAR WOMAN'S SIGH;
And thy guesses rightly prove,
That it is the CHILD OF LOVE!
And, whither dost thou bear it then,
Will all its loveliness remain,
Ever, ever bright and fair,
As if heaven smiling there?—
I do hear it would'st thou know,
All in fondness to bestow,
On him, who pledg'd SWEET ELLEN'S VOW!
Ah! much I fear while thou dost fly,
It will languish, droop and die!
So fragile seems its tender form,
Sure it can't brave the slightest storm!
Yes, yes! affection gave it birth,
'Tis immortal tho' of earth;
And tho' fragile seems its form,
It can brave the greatest storm!
And on his heart I'll see it laid,
Who pledg'd to love the charming maid,
To mind him that his vow be paid!

RELIGION.

Blessed spirit ! bright descending
From the realms of light and love ;
O'er the heart thy reign extending,
Darkling fears and doubts remove !

Thou, poor man's best consolation,
All on earth can comfort give ;
For thy theme is his salvation—
Teaching him to hope and live !

Sorrow fleeth at thy coming,
As thy graces mild expand :
Joy eternal round thee blooming,
Flowing from thy genial hand !

Thou, who guid'st our souls to heaven,
Crown'st with blessings all our days ;
While we feel our sins forgiven,
O, direct us how to praise !

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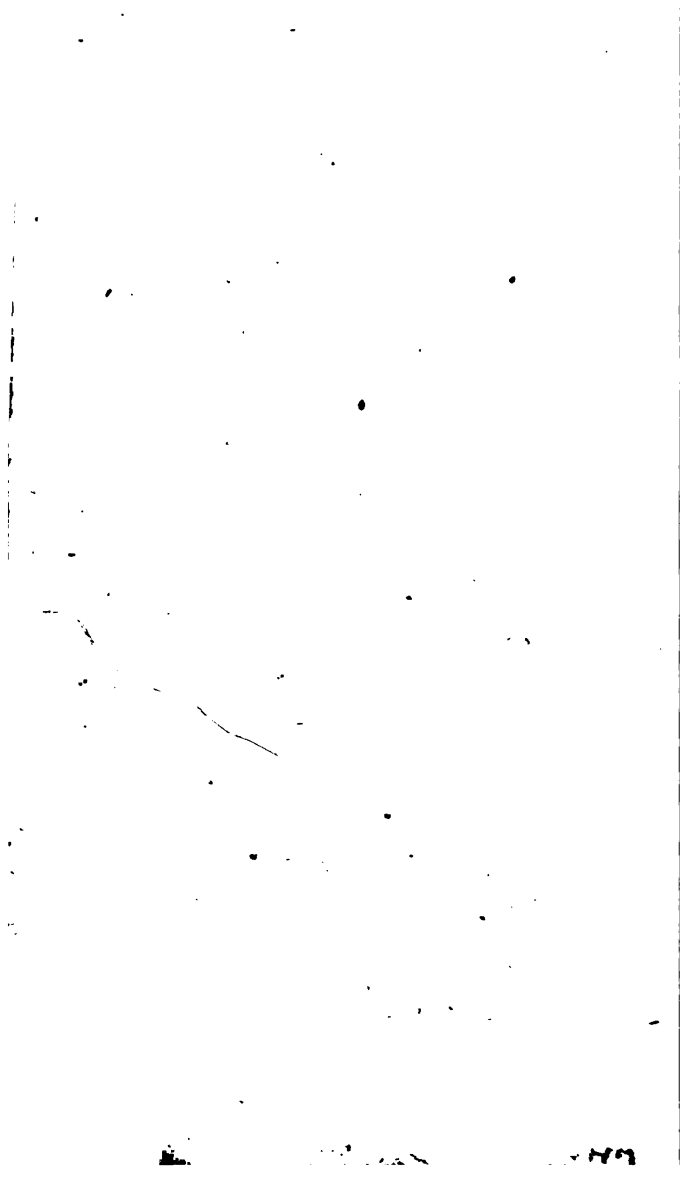
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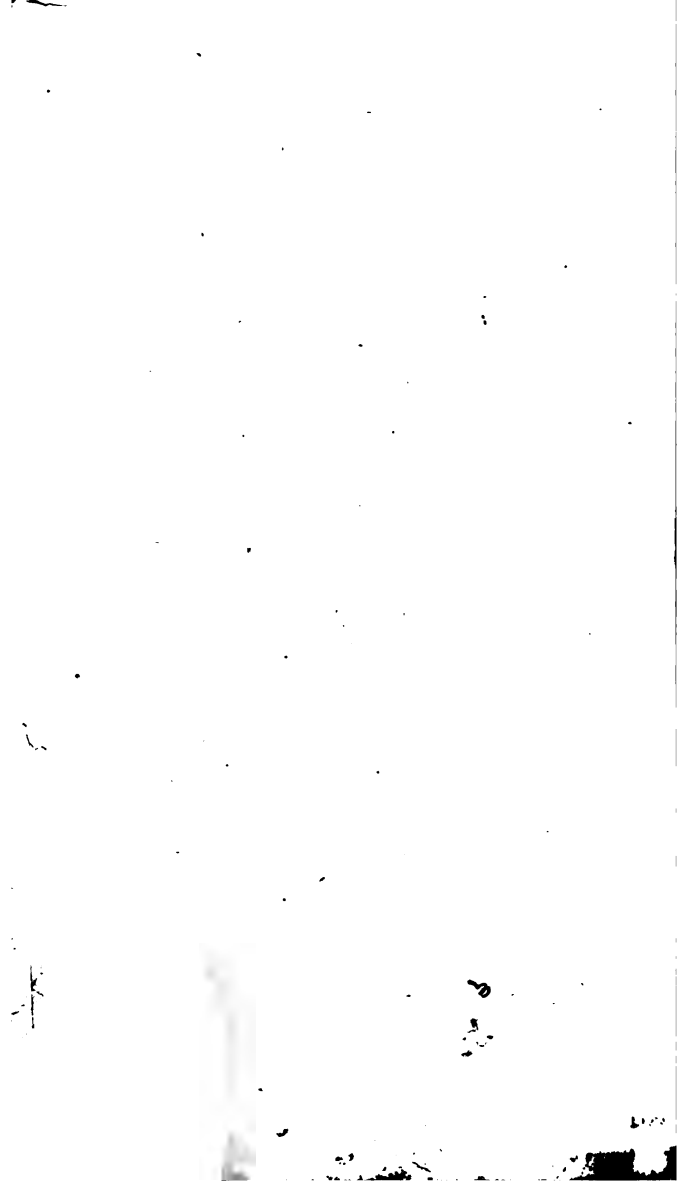
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